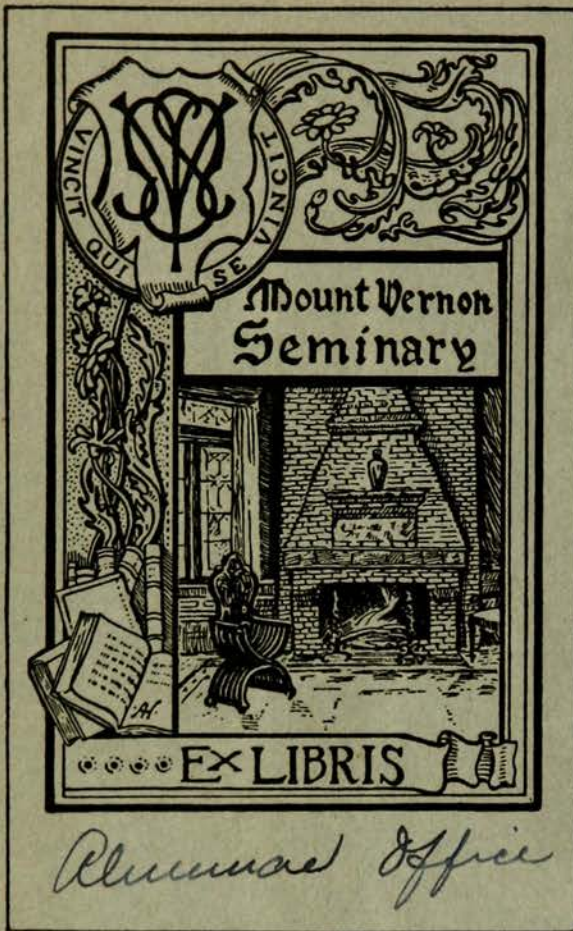




THE CUPOLA

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VOLUME VII



MOUNT VERNON SEMINARY

WASHINGTON, D.C.

1929

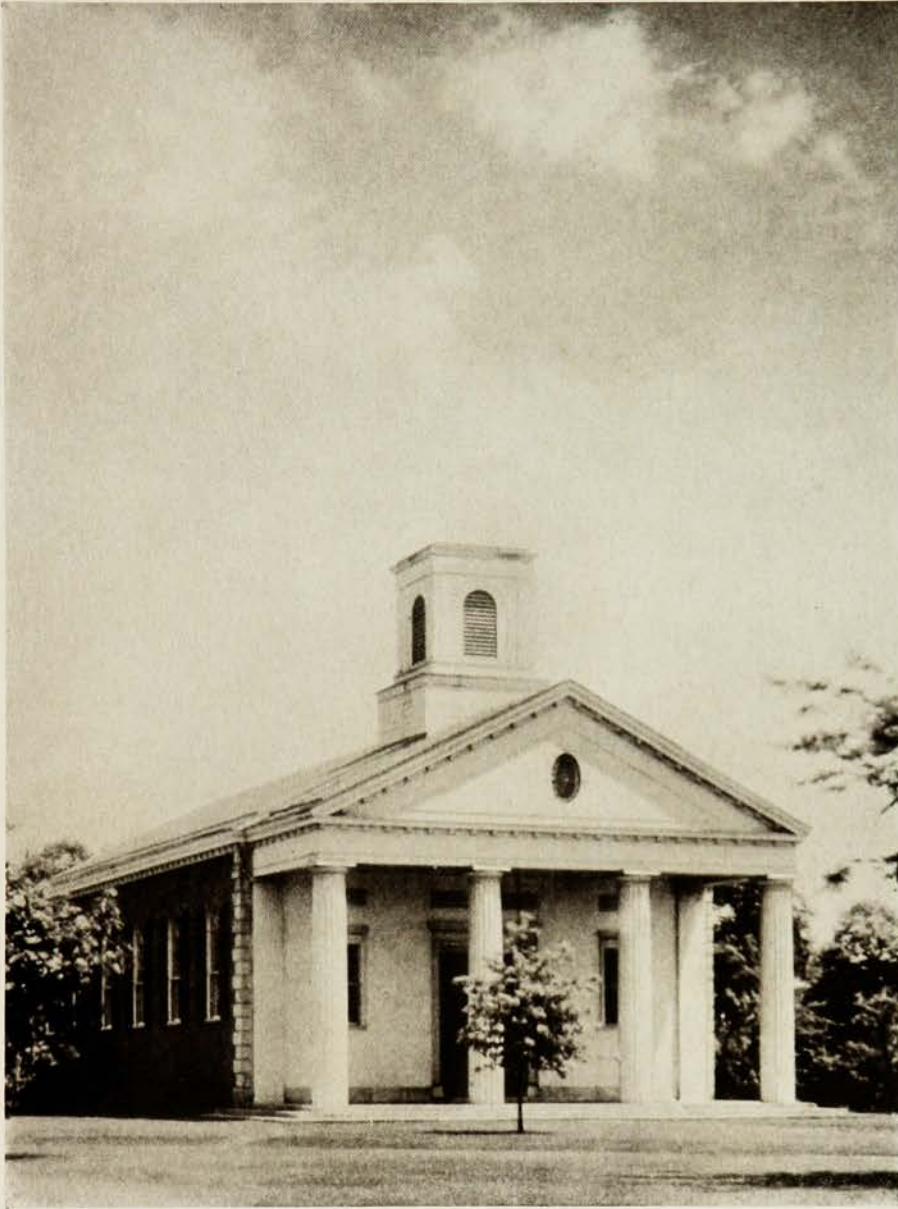


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MISS COLE





THE ELIZABETH SOMERS CHAPEL



THE FRONT DOOR



THE ROAD TO "THE SHELTER" AND LOWER TENNIS COURTS



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FOREWORD

WE of the Class of 1929 have had the privilege of initiating the new program. Perhaps, when it comes to the last analysis, we have not the detailed knowledge, but, what is more important, we believe that we have a broader outlook. In comparison with other years, we have gained a more far-reaching knowledge of the pageant of civilization, a comprehension, however insufficient, of the unity and continuity of history. There are of necessity huge gaps in our understanding. However, glancing through the telescopes that have been provided, inadequate though they may have been for the broad fields we have attempted to scan, nevertheless, they have given us a new realization of the significance of the growth of modern society. With that has come an appreciation and sense of responsibility which our place gives us in relation to the whole.

Intuitively, we chose for our emblem, the star. That has come to be symbolical of our class; as we look into the sky, we perforce stop to realize how infinitesimal we are, the while we thrill with joy at being a living part of the great scheme. To each of us our star represents a different ideal. We come from thirteen states, but two years here together have given our ambitions a foundation of loyalty to an inheritance of traditions; the chief of these is *noblesse oblige*.

The fifty-third graduating class is now added to that long line. May we be ever conscious of those invisible chevrons that are ours for having been here.

“Ad Astra Per Aspera”

JEAN SYMINTON



The Cupola

STAFF, 1928-1929

JEAN DEAN COLE	Head Mistress and Teacher of Sociology and Bible A. B., Mount Holyoke College Studied at Columbia University
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ZOLA BAUMAN LARKIN	Expression and Dramatic Art Graduate of Emerson College of Oratory Pupil of S. H. Clark; Edith Coburn Noyes and Leland Powers
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The Cupola



OLWEN LLOYD	M. A., Cambridge, England	Mathematics
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E. LENORE SHAW	A. B., University of California Studied at Radcliffe College	Italian and German
ADOLF TOROVSKY, JR.	Graduate of Peabody Conservatory of Music, Baltimore Associate American Guild of Organists	Organist and Choir Master
HARRIET B. WALKER	Mount Vernon Seminary Studied at Harvard University, Johns Hopkins University and Columbia University	History, Psychology and Bible
ELIZABETH WINSTON	Pupil of Harold Bauer, Paris; Ernest Hutcheson, Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore, and Leopold Godowsky, New York Pupil of O. B. Boise, Berlin, Theory and Harmony	Piano



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<i>Snapshot Editor</i>	LOUISE RAYNOR





The Cupola



MISS CARPENTER
Senior Class Adviser

Class Motto: Ad astra per aspera
Emblem: Star

Class Flower: Blue Delphinium
Colors: Blue and Gold

SENIOR CLASS SONG—1929

Words and Music by MARTHA ALEXANDER

A little patch of sapphire blue
Fell down from the sky one day,
We caught it up with threads of gold,
For fear lest it drift away.
But it's ours for the finding,
We'll hold it fast,
And proudly we'll bear it high,
As a symbol of beauty and truth
From the depths of the glorious sapphire sky.
Bright golden star,
In thee we seek our guidance,
Courage, loyalty, and strength to do the right.

To thee we turn
For highest inspiration.
May we find the truth
In thy clear, joyous light.
Deep in our hearts,
Beloved Alma Mater,
We have pledged to thee
All reverence, faith, and love.
May we prove worthy
To be called thy daughters,
Guided by the blue
Of the sapphire sky above.



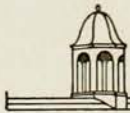
SENIOR CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

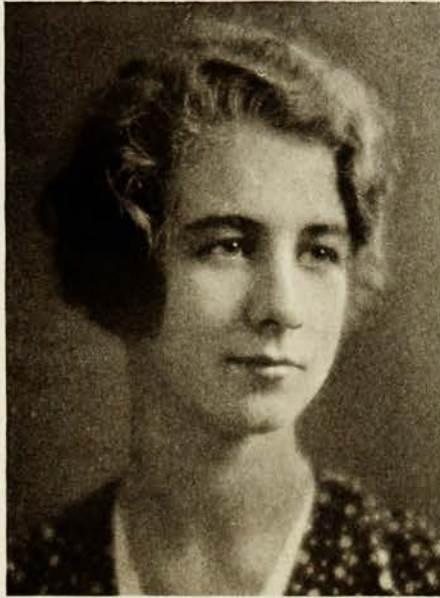
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GERTRUDE LAMMERS	<i>Vice-President</i>
ALICE FOYE	<i>Secretary</i>
KATHARINE HOWELL	<i>Treasurer</i>

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MARJORIE KAISER
GERTRUDE LAMMERS
MARGARET MURPHY
LOUISE REDFIELD
MARGERY RIACH
MARY REED SIMPSON
JEAN SYMINTON
MARY VEREEN
SUSAN WEGENER
RUTH WHEELER



The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*Constant as the North Star, guiding the way;
Her poignant personality will always stay.*

MARTHA ALEXANDER

"Martie"

Piedmont, California

THREE YEARS

Optima '28 '29
President of Senior Class
French Club '27 '28 '29
Vice-President of French Club '29
Vice-President of Junior Class
Co-operative Government Council '29
Treble Clef Club '27 '28 '29
Choir '28 '29
Humor Editor of Cupola '28
Toastmistress of Junior-Senior Banquet '28
Junior-Senior Banquet Speech '29
Recording Secretary of M.V.S. Society
Chairman of Elizabeth Somers Committee
Dramatics '28
Basket-Ball Team '29
Yellow Class

The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*One of the Daughters of Time, so royal a bearing,
Willing and gentle, and the troubles of others
she's always sharing.*



MOLLIE BENNETT

San Antonio, Texas

TWO YEARS

Optima, '29

Dramatics '28 '29

Commencement Play '28

President of Dramatic Activity '29

Athletic Association Board '29

Red Cross Committee '28

Proctor '28 '29



The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*As through the mist we see the planet, Saturn,
Irene's fragile beauty and loveliness do burn.*

IRENE BOHON

"Trenie"

Harrodsburg, Kentucky

TWO YEARS

Optima '28 '29

Dramatics '29

Tea House Board of Directors '29

The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*Like the true star, Virgin, which faces west,
Perhaps not a saint, still of the very best.*



DOROTHY BOVENIZER

"Dotty"

Brooklyn, New York

TWO YEARS

Optima '29

Treble Clef Club '28 '29

Choir '28 '29

Dramatics '29

Proctor '29



The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*She wandered about on the pavement of stars,
the Milky Way
Found the most cheerful place and decided to
stay.*

SUSANNE BRADLEY

"Sue"

River Forest, Illinois

TWO YEARS

Optima '28 '29

Secretary-Treasurer Tea House Activity '29

Secretary-Treasurer Tea House Board of Directors '29

Captain Senior Basket-Ball Team

Basket-Ball Team '28 '29

Swimming Team '28

Manager of Golf '29

Walking Club '28 '29

Dramatics '28 '29

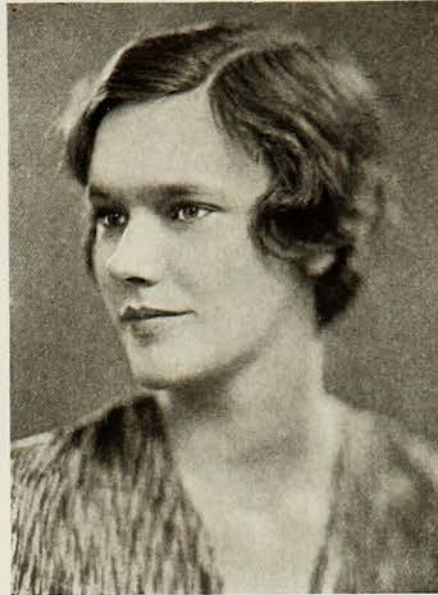
Varsity Basket-Ball '29

The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*Powdered with star dust, a moonbeam in her hair;
She will always seem to us so very fair.*



JANE COCHRAN

Houston, Texas

THREE YEARS

President of Optima '29
Optima '27 '28 '29
President of Junior Class '28
Co-operative Government Council '28 '29
Yellow Class '27
Hockey '27
Swimming Team '28
Basket-Ball Team '28
Baseball Team '28
Junior-Senior Banquet Speech '28
Dramatics '28
Tea House Board of Directors '28



The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*In this vast world of nebulae
No matter what the task, she'll always try.*

ELEANOR DWIGHT

"El"

Summit, New Jersey

TWO YEARS

Optima '28 '29

Treble Clef Club '28 '29

Choir '28 '29

Dramatics '28

Proctor '28

The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*Then there must be a lady in the moon,
Sitting on high, yet keeping the world in tune.*



FLORENCE FARNSLEY

"Flu"

Louisville, Kentucky

TWO YEARS

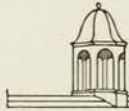
Treble Clef Club '28 '29

President of Treble Clef Club '29

Secretary Cupola Board '29

Choir '28 '29

Dramatics '28 '29



The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*Riding gayly on a comet, Alice Foye,
One day landed on earth and added her carefree
joy.*

ALICE FOYE

"Al"

Omaha, Nebraska

TWO YEARS

Secretary Senior Class

Secretary Junior Class

Vice-President of Tea House '29

Dramatics '28 '29

Basket-Ball Team '28 ,

Proctor '29

Chairman of Proctors '29



IMPRESSION

*Swift as Mercury, on tiptoes;
Action wherever Harry goes.*



MARY ELIZABETH HARADON

"Harry"

Pasadena, California

TWO YEARS

President of Athletic Association '29
Secretary-Treasurer Athletic Association '28
Athletic Editor Cupola '28
Varsity Hockey '29
Basket-Ball Team '28 '29
Tennis Singles '28
Tennis Doubles '28
Treble Clef Club '28 '29
Choir '28 '29
Dramatics '28 '29
Elizabeth Somers Committee '28
Varsity Basket-Ball '29



The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*Her sweet influence binding as Pleiades;
Her gentle character like the evening breeze.*

LOUISE HEUER

Davenport, Iowa

"Lambie"

TWO YEARS

French Club '29

Treasurer of French Club '29

President of Lend-a-Hand '29

Vice-President of Lend-a-Hand '28

Treble Clef Club '28 '29

Choir '28 '29

Dramatics '28 '29

Red Cross Committee '28

Proctor '28

The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*A smile on her lips, a twinkle in her eye,
Like a sparkling diamond in the sky.*



KATHARINE HOWELL

"Tattie"

Atlanta, Georgia

TWO YEARS

Optima '28 '29

French Club '29

Business Manager of Cupola '29

Business Manager of Broadside '29

Treasurer Senior Class

Dramatics '28 '29

Commencement Play '28

Chairman of Proctors '28

Junior-Senior Banquet Speech '28



The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*Peg may know only that some stars are red, some
blue,
But skillfully she combines colors of every shade
and hue.*

MARGARET JOHNSON

"Peggy"

Muncie, Indiana

FOUR YEARS

Optima '27 '28 '29
Treasurer of Optima '29
Treble Clef Club '26 '27 '28 '29
Choir '26 '27 '28 '29
Choir Mistress '29
Walking Club '27 '28 '29
President of Walking Club '29
Dramatics '28
Basket-Ball Team '26 '27 '28 '29
Captain Junior Basket-Ball Team '28
Hockey Team '27 '28 '29
Swimming Team '28
Manager of Riding '29
Proctor '28
White Class

The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*Square as Pegasus, honest, and fair,
Her boundless good humor is so very rare.*



MARJORIE KAISER

"Kaiser"

New Rochelle, New York

TWO YEARS

Optima '29
French Club '29
Advertising Manager Cupola '29
Secretary of Lend-a-Hand '29
Treble Clef Club '29
Basket-Ball Team '28 '29
Dramatics '28 '29
Proctor '29
Varsity Basket-Ball '29



The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*Cool and aloof as the stars,
Yet twinkling with humor as they are.*

GERTRUDE LAMMERS

"Trudie"

Evanston, Illinois

TWO YEARS

Optima '28 '29
Vice-President Senior Class
Manager of Stagecraft '29
Dramatics '28 '29
Commencement Play '28
Hockey Team '28
Property Committee '28
Elizabeth Somers Committee '28
Junior-Senior Banquet Committee '28
Manager Dramatic Activity '29
Christmas Play '28 '29
Red Cross Council '28
Proctor '28



IMPRESSION

*Her genius in writing deserves the Northern
Crown,
Her ready wit like Gemma is the "Pearl in the
Crown."*



MARGARET MARY MURPHY

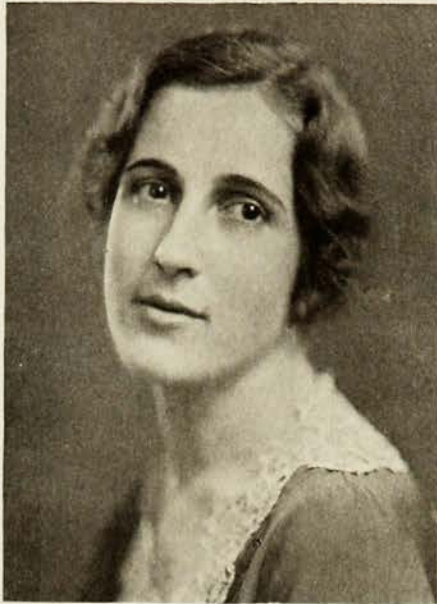
Denver, Colorado

FOUR YEARS

Optima '27 '28 '29
French Club '27 '28 '29
President of French Club '29
Junior Play Award '28
Literary Editor Cupola '29
Cupola Board '28
Broadside Board '28 '29
Dramatics '28 '29
Walking Club '28 '29
Yellow Class
Senior Cheer Leader



The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*Like Pleiades, attracting the eye of even the
casual observer,
A seeker of the highest, a fearless endurer.*

LOUISE REDFIELD

Smethport, Pennsylvania

THREE YEARS

President of Tea House '29

Chairman of Proctors '29

Treble Clef Club '29

Dramatics '29

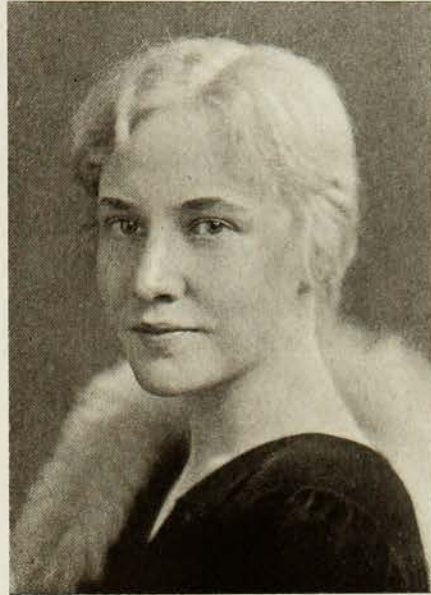
Proctor '29

White Class



IMPRESSION

*So regal, queenly, and fair,
'Tis fitting she grace Cassiopeia's chair.*



MARGERY RIACH

"Jory"

Evanston, Illinois

TWO YEARS

French Club '29

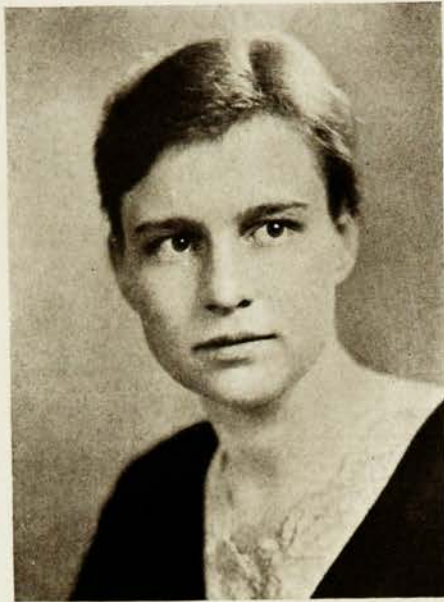
Walking Club '28 '29

Dramatics '28 '29

Treasurer Dramatic Activity '29



The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*Like a fixed star, steadfast and true,
Texas will always be a friend to you.*

MARY REED SIMPSON

"Texas"

Eagle Pass, Texas

TWO YEARS

Choir '29

Treble Clef Club '28 '29

Secretary-Treasurer of Treble Clef Club '29

Dramatics '28 '29

Secretary of Dramatic Activity '29

Walking Club '28 '29

Junior Cheer Leader

Basket-Ball Team '29

Swimming Chairman '28 '29

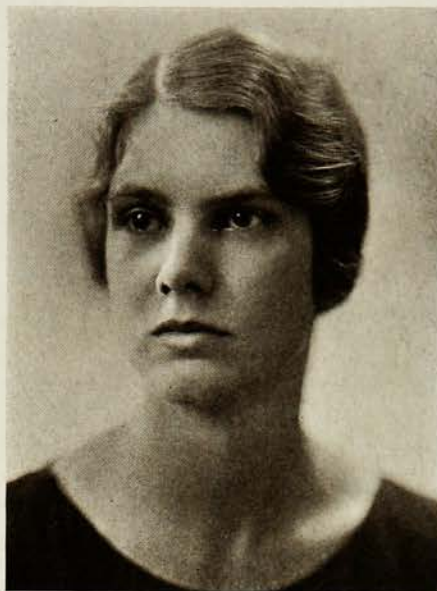
Athletic Association Board '29

The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*Like the brilliant Venus she sheds her light,
The first thing in the morning, the last at night.*



JEAN SYMINTON

"Sonia"

Los Angeles, California

THREE YEARS

Optima '28 '29
Vice-President of Optima '29
Editor of Cupola '29
Assistant Editor of Cupola '28
Editor of Broadside '29
Broadside Board '28
Athletic Association Board '29
Junior Banquet Committee '28
Nominating Committee of M. V. S. Society '29
Elizabeth Somers Committee '28
Red Cross Council '28
Proctor '28
Yellow Class



The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*Like the sun which sends its warm light all
around;
Another girl like Mary could ne'er be found.*

MARY VEREEN

"Iolanthe"

Moultrie, Georgia

TWO YEARS

Optima '28 '29

President of the Co-operative Government Council '29

Secretary of the Co-operative Government Council '28

President of Leadership Seminar '29

Assistant Advertising Manager Cupola '28

Junior Banquet Speech '28

Dramatics '28 '29

Christmas Play '28

Red Cross Committee '28

Proctor '28

The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*Near us like Mars and inhabited 'tis true
With a love of sports rivalled by few.*



SUSAN JANE WEGENER

"Sookie"

Chicago, Illinois

TWO YEARS

Vice-President of Athletic Association '29

French Club '29

Captain of Varsity Hockey '29

Basket-Ball Team '28 '29

Varsity Basket-Ball Team '28

Hockey Team '28 '29

Swimming Team '28

Dramatics '28 '29

White Class

Varsity Basket-Ball '29



The Cupola



IMPRESSION

*Like the unusual Libra, balancing the days,
Charming is she who steadies our ways.*

RUTH WHEELER

“Rufus”

Plymouth, Wisconsin

TWO YEARS

Photograph Editor of Cupola '29

Dramatics '28 '29

Tea House Board '29



ALMA MATER

Our Alma Mater glorious,
With loving hearts and proud,
We crown thee all victorious
And sing thy praise aloud.
In loyalty we serve thee,
And strive to heed thy call,
Mount Vernon, O Mount Vernon!
Through self to conquer all.

You give unfailing kindness
If trouble meets us here;
You foster all our pleasures
And make them seem more dear.
Nor time, nor care, nor sorrow
Can these fair days erase,
But they, with each tomorrow,
Help us new tasks to face.

Like Breath of Spring's fresh morning
That lifts the heart to song,
When courage droops and wavers
And paths seem gray and long,
Will come thy dauntless spirit
To help us on our way.
Mount Vernon, O Mount Vernon!
Hold fast thy tender sway.

The changing years may bring us
Some longed-for dream of bliss,
Yet memory will cherish
A sympathy we miss.
In hours of joy and sadness,
Whate'er our need may be,
Mount Vernon, O Mount Vernon!
Thy children turn to thee.



MADAME PELTIER
Junior Class Adviser

JUNIOR CLASS SONG

Words by KATHARINE STREET, music by JEANNE STREET

Here, dear Alma Mater, we do come to thee;
Guided by the faith in our true fleur-de-lis.
High upon thine altar we do place it now,
Pledging truth and honor in this our solemn vow.

Chorus:

Amber and gold we bring to thee,
In token of our loyalty;
In years to come we'll ever hold,
Thy true devotion love foretold.
Our secret dream is now revealed,
For faith and reverence now we've sealed
Our banner held before us high,
Leading us to the sky.

When the years have gone and we are far apart,
Ne'er shall thy fond memories sever from our hearts.
And with each new day our thoughts will be retold
As we journey onward with the amber and gold.

Chorus:



JUNIOR CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

KATHRYN BAVINGER	<i>President</i>
CAROLINE PAULLIN	<i>Vice-President</i>
JANE SHUGART	<i>Secretary</i>
JEANNE STREET	<i>Treasurer</i>

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 SARAH EWING
 IONE FOSTER
 MAXINE GILLER
 AURELIA HAMPTON
 LUCILE HURLOCK
 JANE KING
 WILMA KOENIG
 FLORENCE KRUEGER
 SALLY LAWLER

NANCY LEE
 FRANCES LELAND
 VIRGINIA MAYO
 LEONORA MULKIN
 CAROLINE PAULLIN
 ELEANORE ROBERTS
 JANE ELIZABETH ROBERTSON
 JANE SHUGART
 JANET SIMPSON
 MARIANNE STEVENSON
 JEANNE STREET
 KATHARINE STREET
 ROSALIND VEREEN
 FAY WILSON
 LUCILLE WINTER
 NAN WRIGHT



MISS REBEKAH ELTING
White Class Adviser

WHITE CLASS SONG

Words by LETTIE McCONNELL *and* GLADYS VILSACK

Music by GLADYS VILSACK

White Class, we'll sing to you
With voices proud and true,
Loyalty, firm as the skies,
And love that never dies.
M. V. S.,
The White Class.
When the days have passed
And we are no longer with you,
It's then we must prove
That we are true,
Dear class, just to you.
Would that we could sing,
And also tell thee in each line,

How out of joy, and grief and hate,
We gave our love for thine.
Life will hold many memories,
Days spent at M. V. S.,
Dearest of them all,
Olden times recall.
M. V. S.,
The White Class,
We'll always be true,
To our emblem purity,
And always, yes, always,
To thee.



WHITE CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

MARJORIE BOERICKE	<i>President</i>
LAURA BROWN	<i>Vice-President</i>
JANE KENNEDY	<i>Secretary</i>
ALICE HAND	<i>Treasurer</i>

HELEN ANDRUS
 PALMER ATKINSON
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 MARJORIE BOERICKE
 DIANTHA BROWN
 LAURA BROWN
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 MIRIAM WIDENHAM



MISS BROWN, *Yellow Class Adviser*

MISS WALKER, *Honorary Member*

YELLOW CLASS SONG

Words traditional, Music, "At Dawning"

Lifting better up to best—
Our desire;
To be true to every test—
We aspire
To be worthy of thy name,
Learn our lessons, ne'er complain,
Just to conquer self our aim—
Yellow Class, Yellow Class.

In thy sunshine, color, joy—
Yellow Class.
In thy gold be no alloy—
Yellow Class.
Our dear school with songs we greet;
Sing its praises ever sweet;
M. V. S., thy name repeat—
M. V. S., M. V. S.



YELLOW CLASS

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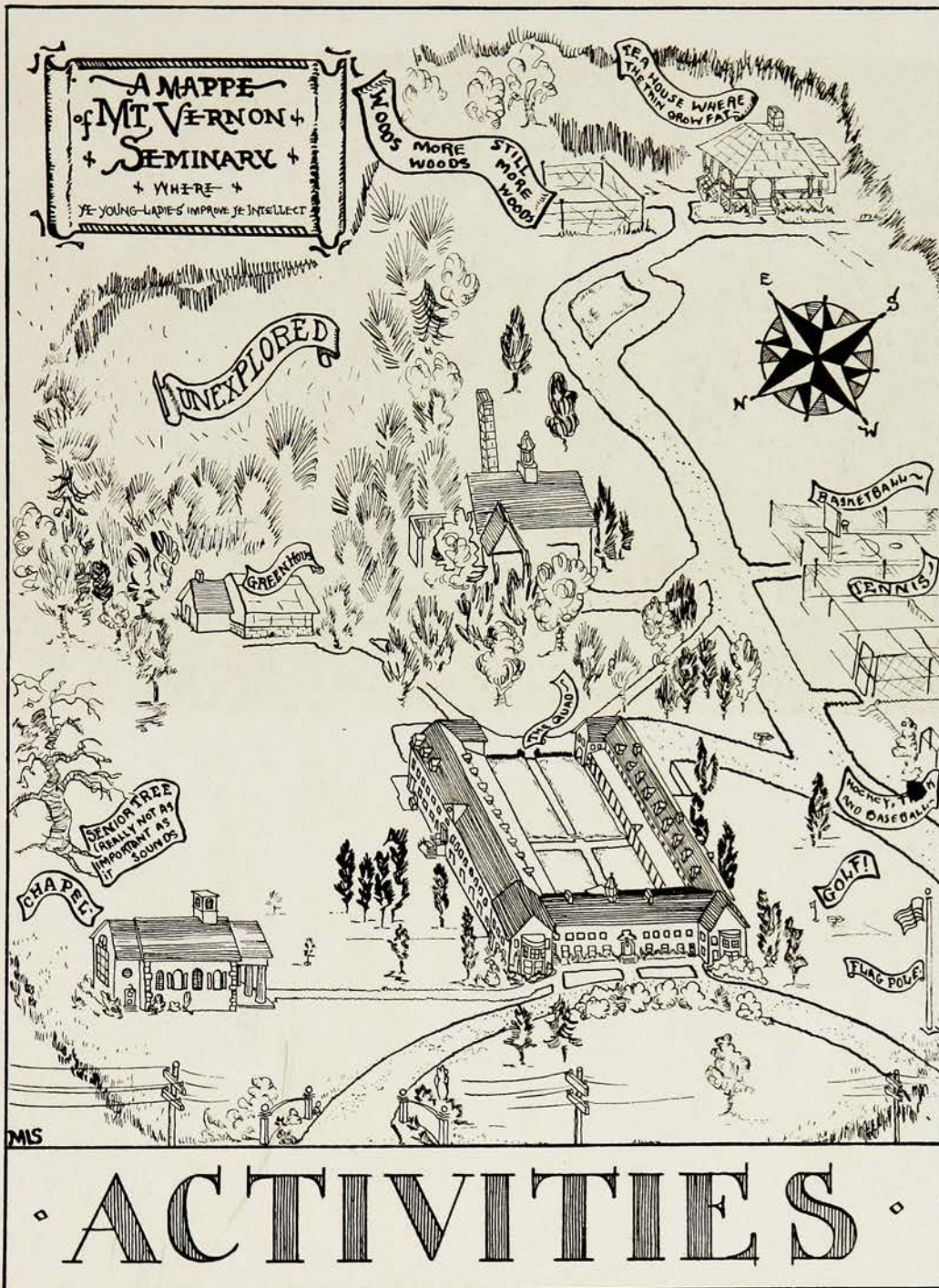
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The Cupola



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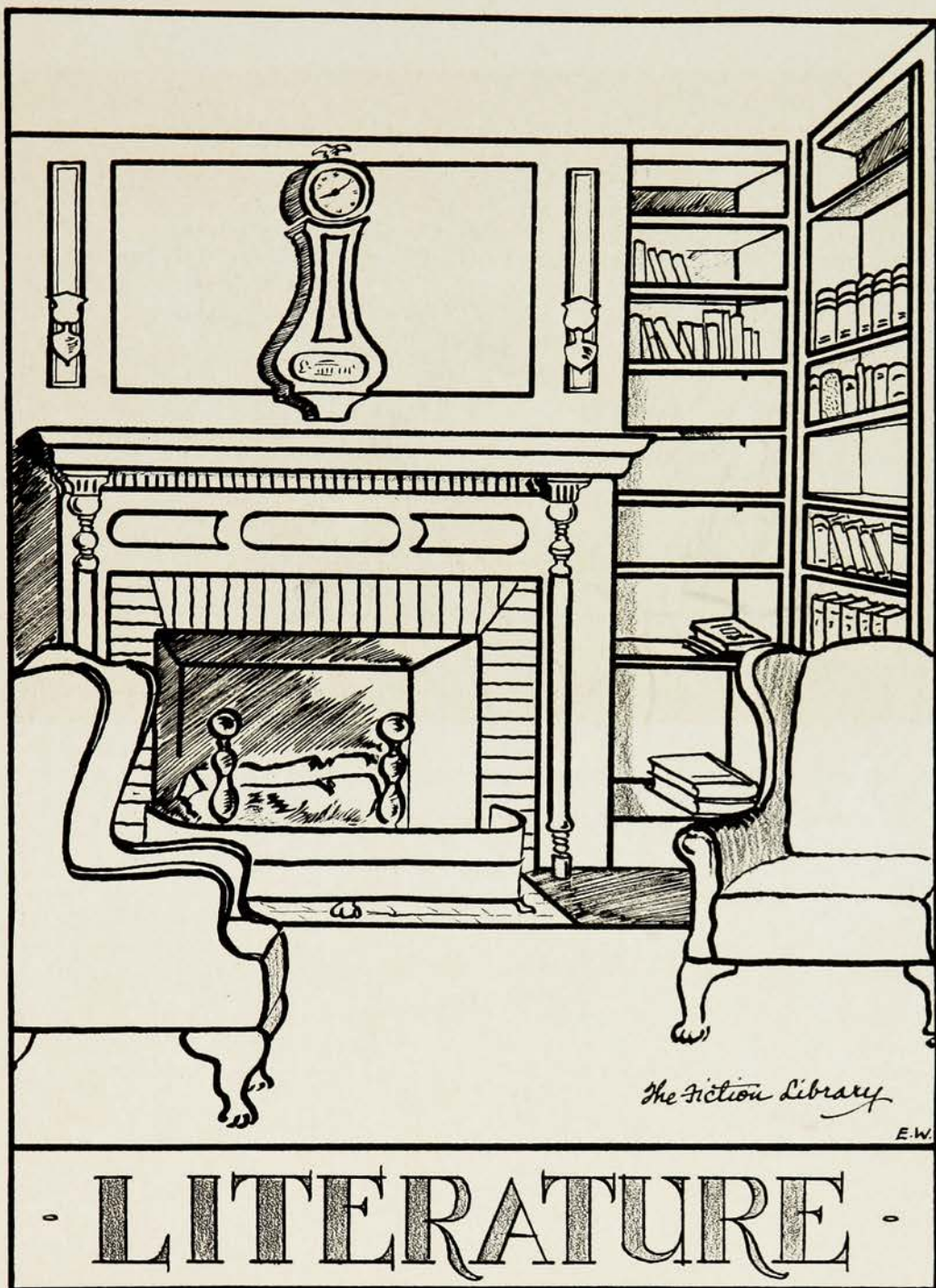
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- LITERATURE -



The Cupola

"MI CASITA"

DOLORÉS was not a very excitable girl for, being Mexican, she had enough Indian blood to give her strength and calmness in moments of danger. For this reason Manuel, her lover, had found it quite safe to leave in her care certain valuable political letters—letters which would have caused his life to be snuffed out with as little concern as a candle's flame, had the Nationalist's party gained possession of them. Manuel was already considered a suspicious character by these Nationalists, and only a few written words would be needed to warrant their disposing of him quite permanently. He would have been imprisoned even without these evidences had not the prisons been far too crowded already.

It was of these things that Dolores thought as she lay in bed early one spring morning. She had not slept well for worrying about Manuel and her first thought on waking was for his safety. While still in a dreamy state of half wakefulness she fancied that she heard horse's hoofs on the road just outside her window.

Was someone knocking on her shutter? Could it possibly be her Manuel, of whom she had been dreaming?

Something white fell to the floor from a crack in the shutter; she was awake now and could see that it was a letter. Faintly she heard a horse sneeze and then canter away. Dolores lay for some time looking at the letter on the floor. She knew that it would be addressed to her from Manuel—but so were at least ten others which she had never opened. According to his instructions she had carefully hidden them in the old, leaky "tinaja," a large earthen jar, hanging from the ceiling in the main room where it had once held the family drinking water. Dolores had never opened these letters because they were not in reality for her. Manuel had sent them from time to time for her to keep until old Juan, for sometime an exile, should return and call for them.

Dolores enjoyed the thought that this letter might not be like the others, that it would be a real love letter, one with plans for their "casita" (little house), of which Manuel had sung to her before he entered this wretched revolution with its secret letters . . . the discovery of which would cost his very life. At this terrifying thought she sprang out of bed with the intent of quickly hiding this wicked note safely with the others in the old "tinaja." In her haste to be rid of the letter she almost failed to see written on the back of it the astounding words, "Open at once."

Dolores gasped. The letter was for her after all; and what a letter it was. Manuel began by calling her his "Paloma" (dove), his "chula" (sweet), his "golondrina" (swallow), and followed these terms of endearment with a complete description of the "casita" which they would soon build down in the wheat field. Though Dolores had heard this description until she knew every word of it by heart, she never tired of hearing her lover describe their future home.

It seemed, though, that all of this sweetness was only to ease the blow which was in store for her on the second page of the letter, for she read there the news that Manuel's party had failed and that he thought it best to go into hiding with his comrades until peace and order were restored under the new president, and he could safely return to her.

"Meanwhile, my Dolores," he wrote, "destroy every one of those letters which you have been so carefully guarding for me. Since our cause is lost they would be of

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no use to my party now, and would mean instant death for myself should our enemies, now in full power, gain possession of them. Burn them at once and this note along with them for, as you see, it is dangerous too. When this is done you may cease to worry about me, 'chula mia' (my sweet), for there will be no other written words left on this earth as evidence against me." After these instructions, he bade her the most fond of farewells until his return.

As though in a daze, Dolores lit a fire in the stove, took down the old "tinaja" from where it hung, and shook from it the revolutionary letters into the flames. She was glad to be rid of those horrid letters which so implicated her lover's safety, and was even thankful that his cause had failed, for she knew that she would still have worried about them, even after passing them on to old Juan. Now Manuel was perfectly safe since the letters were all burned, all except this last one—the only one that was really for her. How could she destroy it so soon after its arrival? She resolved to keep this last note safely hidden as the others had been until she burnt it too, as he commanded.

As she dressed, Dolores hummed to herself the tune of Manuel's favorite song, "Mi Casita," and after a bit of breakfast reread the letter and then picked up her guitar and started playing the same tune. She could hear her grandmother stirring in the next room. Presently the old woman came out with a basket on her arm and went to market. Dolores continued strumming the guitar.

Suddenly she came to her senses at the sound of three loud knocks on the door followed by several hoarse threats from without. Immediately she thought of Manuel's letter in her apron pocket, and with hardly a moment's delay, slipped it inside the guitar and then went to the door.

There they were, the searching party, just as she had been fancying them in her imagination for the past three months. Their leader, a sergeant, with a courteous but brief "Buenas Dias," stated that he had come in search of certain papers which he had good reason to believe were hidden in the house, and without further explanations, began to wander about the room peeping into everything that looked suspicious. His men followed his example, but they found nothing until one of them picked up the old "tinaja" which had so recently held the very papers they were seeking. The Sergeant, a pompous little man with huge mustache, not willing to be outdone by his subordinate, snatched the "tinaja" from the man who had found it and walked sedately over to the stove. As though such an act could be performed by none other than his own illustrious personage, he crashed the earthen jar into a thousand pieces.

The Sergeant performed this act with such great ceremony and was so confident that the "tinaja" would bring to light the important letters that his surprised expression was quite ridiculous when the fragments of clay flew all about the room and no letters appeared.

Dolores' silent prayer of thankfulness was brief, for in the next moment the man from whom the Sergeant had so rudely snatched the "tinaja" no longer to conceal his enjoyment at his superior's dismay, gave a contemptuous laugh. This so infuriated the mustached Sergeant that in his anger he seized the nearest thing to him, which happened to be Dolores' guitar, and raised it above the stove with the apparent intent of breaking that precious instrument as he had the "tinaja."



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With a scream Dolores rushed at him and all but tore the guitar from his grasp. In the next moment she regained control of herself, but the man was immediately suspicious of the guitar and began to shake it up and down beside his ear. Hearing something knocking about inside the instrument, he raised his arm to crash it over the stove.

"One moment, Senor," Dolores pleaded at his side, "let me play one more song on my guitar before I lose it forever." The Sergeant, whose anger was cooling, slowly lowered his hand which held the guitar, and with the other twirled his mustache as he considered the prudence of allowing this liberty. Certainly there could be no harm in it, for he could watch her closely to see that she did not slip the letter out of the instrument, and besides, such a thing were impossible without breaking or unstringing the guitar. Fortunately for Dolores, as he was a true Mexican, for Mexicans are sentimentalists and above all lovers of song. This one, therefore, gladly permitted her to play the guitar.

She sang "Mi Casita," not knowing exactly why, except that "Mi Casita" was Manuel's favorite song and she was never to hear him sing it again. She realized that once she had finished her singing these men would take Manuel's letter from the guitar and, knowing its contents, capture him. With these despairing thoughts and the realization that her happiness was lost, there came over her a hopeless calmness. With the picture in her mind, of a beautiful dream "casita" crumbling to earth, she sang Manuel's favorite song with great feeling and tenderness. It touched the hearts of the men who listened in silence to the description of a little house down in the wheat field—a house quite like each of their own little homes.

There are many verses to "Mi Casita," and with each fresh description of a hammock beneath the old tree, the cow in the corral, and the vines over the doorway, their memories were crowded with thoughts of home, making their hearts respond when Dolores, after finishing the last verse, said dreamily, as though half to herself:

"My lover taught me that song; for we planned to have a house like that one day." Complete silence followed this statement until Dolores continued:

"In his last letter before he went away he spoke to me of our "Casita" and said that we should live there when he returns some day. It is such a beautiful letter that I keep it here in my guitar." A murmur of sympathy passed through the group after these last words which called to mind even dearer memories. Had not each of them once hidden his love letters in a guitar?

"I have finished, Senor," said Dolores resignedly. "You may break my guitar." "It won't be necessary to break your guitar, Senorita," said the Sergeant, by this time perfectly calm and quite sympathetic. "I shall gladly unstring it for you instead. Please try to understand that it is my painful duty to make sure that there are no other letters in the guitar besides the one from your lover."

When he had taken out Manuel's letter and made sure that there was nothing else in the guitar, he hesitated as if embarrassed to open and read the note, and yet hardly daring to take this girl's word as to its being only a love letter. Guessing his thoughts, Dolores did a very daring thing. She opened the letter before him allowing him to see only the first page which was indeed nothing more than a sweet love letter.

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"Read, Senor, how he describes our 'Casita.' Will it not be a dear little home? You must come and see us there some day."

This seemed enough to satisfy the Sergeant, and with a smile that covered his whole face, and uncovered his beautifully white teeth, he bowed low to her in acceptance of her invitation. At the door he bowed again, bidding her a most courteous farewell, and begging a thousand pardons for having disturbed her.

For some time after the man had gone, Dolores stood absently gazing after them with Manuel's letter still in her hand. As if in a daze she walked over to the stove and dropped it into the fire. As it burned, she became conscious for the first time that Manuel was now completely out of danger. Gazing into the dying flames, she saw there the castle of her dreams, the song of her heart, and that song was "Mi Casita."

MOLLIE BENNETT.

(First place in the short story contest.)

Judges: Miss Burgess, Miss Carpenter, Dr. Woods of the American University.

* * * * *

THE HAND

THERE was a moment's pause in the low conversation as the three men turned their eyes toward the beautiful old oil painting of Phyllis Griffin that hung in splendor over the high marble fireplace. Phyllis, ever tall and majestic, yet a little wistful, returned their gaze as if to say, "Have pity upon me, gentlemen, I have suffered greatly." The room, richly hung in dull red, and furnished in old walnut, was a fitting setting for the unhappy portrait.

Franklin Wilcox was the first to break the silence, "By Jove, it has been a long time since I have looked at that picture. Lovely, isn't she?"

"Lovely is right," returned John Sayer, "but rather faithless I would say. It was such a blow to Griffin. I hear he has aged terribly. But what I don't understand is, why we three have been invited here."

"You have wondered no more than I have," mused Robert Baumgarten in a perplexed voice. "I haven't seen Thomas in years."

Wilcox, still thinking of the picture, asked questioningly, "By the way, has anyone found out who the scoundrel was that she ran off with? That was a dirty piece of work."

"No," answered Baumgarten, "isn't it funny that no one has ever come across her—but—"

The large doors at the end of the room swung slowly open. The three men arose to their feet instantly, and a surprised gasp simultaneously escaped from their lips. Framed by the doorway stood their host; not the handsome, spirited youth of their



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former acquaintance, but a stooped, broken-down old man. His hair was gray, and his face was drawn with deep lines of worry; but his eyes, however, seemed strangely alert. There was a hushed silence, an embarrassed silence of strangers waiting to be introduced. For indeed, this man before them was almost beyond recognition. His great sadness had dealt cruelly with Thomas Griffin.

"Good evening, gentlemen," spoke Griffin in a low, steady voice. The tension was keenly felt by the three guests. Griffin had closed the door, and had taken several steps into the room before any of the men could voice their greetings.

Sayer made a move and quickly said, "And good evening to you, sir; it has been long since I have seen you."

Baumgarten laughed nervously and added, "Yes, it has been several years, I know, but as I was saying, it seems like old times to be back here."

"Yes, and it is like old times to have you back again," replied Griffin.

Wilcox carefully watched his face and saw that he was having a struggle with himself to keep from recalling bitter memories. But little did Wilcox realize how soon he was to hear those memories, and he spoke, "This has been the first time you have been home in many months. Where have you been keeping yourself?"

His question was avoided for the moment. Griffin was asking his friends to be seated. "Here, Baumgarten, pull your chair before the fire like the rest of us."

Presently four chairs were drawn around the fire, a scene that was most uncommon now in the house of Thomas Griffin. The grandfather clock ticked solemnly away the hours, while the cracking fire kept in time to its rhythm. From all appearances this was the friendliest of all gatherings; but the anxiety of the three guests seemed to penetrate the silence, making the air heavy with foreboding.

"Gentlemen," began Griffin, "you have probably been wondering why I have brought you three here. It has been many years since we have met, and I suppose you have thought me dead. And indeed I have been dead to my former world. I have been searching the earth, my friends, and that is what I am going to tell you about." His eyes wandered to the picture of his wife, and a queer smile played around the corners of his mouth. "But my story, I warn you, is far from pleasant. It is necessary, however, that I tell it."

"As you probably remember, about ten years ago, my wife, Phyllis, suddenly left me, and seemed to have vanished from earth. Phyllis and I were tremendously happy in our married life, until at last something unknown to me came between us. I tried my best to find out, but to no avail. And then she went away." An expression of deep sadness crossed his tired face, but he continued in the same unemotional voice. "At first I was crushed by the blow, and now as I look back over it all, I believe I must have lost my mind for a while. Later, however, when I came to my senses and realized what had happened, I was beside myself with anger, and I swore to avenge my wife if it took me to my dying day. So immediately, my faithful Hindu servant, who has been with me for years, and I started on our long search. We traveled all over Europe and the Orient without success, but my frenzy for revenge was the power behind me which urged me wearily on. My sleep was often troubled by visions of her. Sometimes she was happy, but more often she was poor and in misery. My friends, these dreams were torture to my soul; I thought at times I would go mad if I couldn't find her soon."

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I disclosed these fears to my servant who, I knew, was just as eager for revenge as I. I must remark here that my Hindu has the keenest eyes and the most unusual memory I have ever come across. Then several months ago our wanderings brought us to Paris. But by that time I was so utterly discouraged that my health was broken, and I was often confined to my bed for days at a time. During these illnesses I had little use for my Hindu, so I would allow him to go and spend his time the way he pleased. But what he did was always a mystery to me until nearly three weeks after our stay. He came rushing to my bedside, then, as excited as I have ever seen him. At first, English words failed him, but after I had calmed him sufficiently to speak so I could understand, he imparted to me the news I had been waiting so long to hear. He had seen my wife! Of course, my joy was beyond words, and I immediately began to question him. But what he said was far from pleasing to me. He said that Phyllis looked very ill, and she was near her death. I eagerly asked if she were with anyone, and he said 'Yes, a man.' But the next thing he told me was a great surprise; I hardly believed him. Had I not known his cleverness, I could not have done so. My friends, he told me this: He said he saw my wife distinctly, but the features of the man following her into the cab were indiscernible. His hand, however, was clearly visible when he reached out and closed the door. My Hindu connected the hand instantly with that of one of my three friends who used to visit my house most frequently. Accordingly, I rushed home and invited the three men my servant designated."

With these words Griffin's Hindu servant noiselessly came into the room, carrying on a tray four wine glasses. His critical eyes surveyed the group, but no expression came to his face. He then carefully gave a glass to each, and left the room as noiselessly as he had entered.

Baumgarten lifted his glass and said, "Success to your search, Thomas."

Griffin spoke again when he saw that all the wine had been consumed. "But, gentlemen, I haven't finished my story. My Hindu has recognized the hand, and has given the guilty one a glass of poisoned wine. In a few minutes, Phyllis will be avenged."

A terrible look came to the three guests' faces and Sayer blurted out, "Good Lord, man! What have you done to us?"

Griffin sat perfectly quiet and watched his three friends with a cynical smile, and the craving light that marks a mad man burned in his eyes.

The ominous silence held the three men spellbound, until suddenly, Baumgarten staggered to his feet and shrieked, "My God, I killed her," and with those words he fell, violently writhing, to the floor—dead.

Griffin sank back in his chair with a hideous laugh and muttered, "The wine was not poisoned. He died of a guilty conscience."

MARY ANN COTTON.

(Honorable mention.)



The Cupola

THIS IS TUESDAY

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE PIPER

THE GIRL

FOUR CLOWNS

Time: Any time

SCENE: at the back of the stage is a black curtain on which are painted in gold two huge masks, the mask of Tragedy on the left and the mask of Comedy on the right. Between the masks and pinned to the curtain are three large, gilt balloons. Otherwise the stage is bare.

The music in the play should be a simple but haunting tune. It should have the same motif throughout varying the tempo according to the action of the play.

(When the curtain rises, the Piper is seen dancing about and playing on his pipes. He plays continually through the whole play. He is dressed in a green suit and wears a pointed cap with a feather. He has a hard, cynical, though handsome, face. He goes to the opening beneath the comic mask and, piping, brings out the four clowns who start tumbling and playing with huge colored balls. They are dressed in clown costumes; they are middle-aged but seem older and very sad.)

First Clown—What day's today?

Second Clown—It must be Thursday.

Third Clown—No, Tuesday.

Fourth Clown—What's the difference? We always do this same thing. Nothing changes, nothing's new.

First Clown—I'm always happy on Wednesday, so this is not Wednesday.

Third Clown—I'm always sad on Tuesday, this is Tuesday.

First Clown—Oh, then I'll be happy tomorrow.

Second Clown—Tomorrow, we'll all be happy tomorrow.

Fourth Clown—Oh, yes, tomorrow. But tomorrow never comes here. It's just today.

Piper—Laugh, dance, be merry, you're all too gloomy. Listen to my music and you'll be happy enough.

Fourth Clown—Your music is wicked. It cast a spell on me when I was very young. It haunted me and made me sell my life for it.

Piper—You offered your own price. Remember? (Dances. The men play the balls mechanically in time to the music. As they play, the Girl comes softly up some steps from the audience. She sits crouched on the edge of the stage and watches the Clowns and Piper intently. In her simple peasant costume she seems very young, perhaps sixteen. Soon her body begins to lilt to the music, and she stands up.)

The Cupola



Piper—Where did you come from, little Girl?

Girl—Oh, I live far away from here. This place is so strange. There is no grass, no trees. I can't see a moon or stars, and there isn't any sunshine. Is that a sky?

Fourth Clown—No, we have no sky here. The moon is only a silver bowl full of happiness that splashes on lovers.

Girl—What do these faces mean? This one is funny and makes me laugh. I don't like this one, it makes me afraid.

Second Clown—This is the mask of Comedy, and this the mask of Tragedy. They are only masks.

Girl—What is behind them?

First Clown—Life can only teach you that.

Girl—Have you ever been behind them?

First Clown—Oh, yes, I've been behind, we've all been behind here.

Girl—Oh, I'm afraid of that one. (Looking at Tragic mask.)

Third Clown (laughs hollowly)—There's not much difference between them, once you are behind.

Piper—What brought you here, little Girl?

Girl—I heard your music far in the distance. I was out in the field playing with the butterflies and daisies, and then I heard a sound in the wind. It teased me and tickled my toes, so I started to run. And it brought me here. I want to learn how to dance. Did you teach those men how to dance and play?

Second Clown (dully)—Yes, he taught us.

Girl—You look so gay and happy. If I learned how to dance, could I have a suit like yours? And stay here and throw those pretty balls? My suit would be pink and gold and sapphire blue like the sunrise. Over my arms I would wear a rainbow scarf. And a moon would be in my hair, and stars on my fingers and toes. I would dance all day long. That is, if you would teach me how.

Third Clown—He would teach you. But wait, don't ask to be one of us. We play all the time, but we aren't happy or gay. We have sold our lives and hearts for this game, and 'tis too dearly bought.

Fourth Clown—Our life is like this ball, red on the outside, but black and empty really.

Girl—But you have the music always, don't you?

First Clown—That cursed music!

Girl—I love the music and I want to dance.

Fourth Clown—Remember the red ball.

(The four clowns throw the balls through the opening beneath the Comic mask, and they go slowly through the opening of the Tragic mask.)



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Girl—Oh, do they have to go that way? Why don't they go beneath the nice mask? If I stayed here I would never have to go beneath that one, would I?

Piper (shrugs)—Who knows?

Girl—I wonder what those men could mean. . . . I don't understand them. . . . Those silly clowns don't bother me. Come, teach me how to dance. I love your music. It's like the wind moaning through the trees at night. No, that is sad. Your music is happy, isn't it? I am afraid of that face—that—that mask of Tragedy.

Piper—Oh, it's only painted; you would soon be used to it.

Girl—Perhaps. . . . Are you going to teach me how to dance?

Piper—I don't teach people how to dance for nothing. I have a price.

Girl—Oh, dear, I haven't any money.

Piper—Oh, no, no, I don't take money. Money isn't satisfying. It must be something rare and precious.

Girl—I've never had any jewels.

Piper—Jewels are cold and tiresome. I mean something warm and young.

Girl—What did those men give you? You taught them, didn't you?

Piper—Yes, when they first came they were young and warm like you. They gave me their youth. They are tired of their bargain, but I am not.

Girl—I see . . . now they are like the red ball, black and empty. (Up to this time the Piper has been playing his pipes casually, but now he really devotes himself to the music.) That music . . . oh . . . I must have it. I'll dance for you as long as there is music. Will that do?

Piper—Yes, as long as there is music.

Girl—That is if I may have a beautiful costume too.

Piper (smiles sardonically)—Yes.

Girl—Could I have a moon in my hair?

Piper—Yes.

Girl—And star on my fingers and toes?

Piper—Yes.

Girl—And a rainbow scarf?

Piper—Yes.

Girl—Oh, I would be beautiful. How I would dance. May we start now? I am anxious to begin.

Piper—Yes, now close your eyes, listen to the music, and follow me. . . .

Girl—Oh, now I am dancing all by myself. . . . I am going to open my eyes a tiny bit and look at my feet. Why, dancing isn't a bit hard. I could almost have learned it by myself. I'll show you how the fairies dance in the long grass in the summer

The Cupola



time. . . . And the fireflies skip about in the woods like this. . . . The birds have a special dance that they do just before daybreak in the very highest tree tops. . . . And the flowers dance with the breezes for partners. . . . Oh, I do love the music so. See the balloons, may I have one? (She runs over to the curtain and takes the balloon nearest the Comic mask.) Dance with me as I've seen people in the carnival. . . . I'm the moon and this balloon is my shooting star. I throw it down through the heavens. It hits earth and I snatch it back again lest it should break. . . . (She is beginning to tire and dances more slowly.) Now I am the old apple woman who does the Irish jig in the market place. . . . This is the way the pine tree gathers all the little birds when there is a storm. . . . And now I think I'll rest awhile. Shall we go find those funny men? (She starts toward the Tragic mask but stops suddenly.) Oh, I am afraid—I don't like that mask; it leers at me. It hides something . . . something . . . oh.

Piper—Come, dance some more and you'll be calm. (Girl dances a little but always with her eyes on the Tragic mask, seeming to be fascinated by it.)

Girl—I am tired; I want to stop.

Piper—I am not tired. Dance faster. (Chants the word "faster.") Faster. . . . You are out of step . . . faster, faster.

Girl—Oh, your awful music. . . . I am so frightened. . . . Why did I ever come to this horrible place? . . . (She ties the balloon back in its place by the Comic mask, looking over her shoulder at the Tragic mask.) I want to go back and see the country again.

Piper—Remember what you owe me. I am not one to be put off. Faster . . . faster.

Girl (Moving now with an automatic motion)—It seems so long ago since I was there . . . it must be years. I can hardly remember. . . . I loved the trees and sky, the flowers, the animals, the bees. . . . Why, I can even remember . . . remember the fairies. . . . The world was so wonderful. . . . And now it is all so far away. Still, I haven't been here very long, have I? . . . why . . . why . . .

Piper—Faster . . . faster . . . faster . . . faster . . . (The girl is dancing in a frenzy; sometimes she falters and is often out of step with herself; all the time she is drawing nearer the Tragic mask.)

Girl—Why . . . why . . . I believe I am like those men . . . like that red ball. (She backs up against the curtain beneath the Tragic mask and turns furiously on the Piper.) I hate your music . . . I hate your music. . . . (Her body is shaken by a great sob and she falls in a heap before the Tragic mask. The Piper steps over and calls the Clowns who come out through the opening beneath the Comic mask. The Piper plays softly; the three Clowns indifferently start to play ball while the fourth picks up the Girl and carries her through the opening under the Tragic mask.)

First Clown—What day's today?

Second Clown—It must be Thursday.

First Clown—I'm always happy on Wednesday, so this is not Wednesday.

Third Clown—I'm always sad on Tuesday. This is Tuesday.

(During the last few lines the curtain has been slowly falling.)

MARGARET M. MURPHY.



JUNIOR VERSE—1928

CHINATOWN-SAN FRANCISCO

Shriveled yellow chinamen squatting on the doorsteps;
Soft, silk trouser-legs and little slippered feet;
Odors of incense;
Bitter tea and spices;
Boys cracking li-chee nuts on a cobblestone street.

Baskets of taro on old men's shoulders;
Red lacquer, black lacquer; dragons in gold;
Rice bowls, chopsticks
And evil-smelling drug-pipes;
Rare, mellowed silk-stuffs, a thousand years old.

Bright painted flapper faces; silly high heels;
Shrill talk of movies and last week's baseball,
Tawdry imitations;
Discounts and sales;
A jazz-sick piano in a cheap dance hall.

MARTHA ALEXANDER.

The moon was veiled with mists of clouds,
Gay stars were peeping through.
The hills were flung like great gray shawls
Against the soft, deep blue.
The road, a silver ribbon flowed
Between the walls of gray,
Beyond each curve and turning point
A new adventure lay.

LOUISE REDFIELD.



“AND YET——”

I've always heard old folk say
“Practice makes perfect.”
And yet . . .
I need no practice to love you
Perfectly.

I've always heard grandmothers say
“Patience is a virtue.”
And yet . . .
I have no patience to love you
Virtuously.

I've always heard fathers say
“Truth conquers all.”
And yet . . .
Need I conquer all to love you
Truthfully?

I've always heard our mothers say
“Experience teaches.”
And yet . . .
I need no teacher to love you
Entirely.

KATHARINE HOWELL.

MIST

(To C. S.)

The mist
Crept over the land.

With damp ribbons
It tied the houses
Into neat packages
Of sulphury white.

JEAN SYMINTON.



ON A SECOND-HAND BOOKSTORE

THERE are a few of them still—those little second-hand bookstores, situated usually on some old street, upon whose worn stones ladies in bustles and flowered bonnets and gentlemen with beaver hats have walked, in place of the little, barefooted foreign children, with their flashing smiles and pitiful, shabby clothes.

Let us stand here a moment in this doorway—how quaint it is, behind its dingy paint!—and look about to get the background and setting. The street is brick and rather uneven; the sidewalk of large slabs of gray stone, shows the paths made by many feet that have dragged or danced or hurried by. The afternoon sunlight is lying in little warm patches, and catching in the glass of the little store across the street, flashes back brilliantly. The unimportant looking shops may have been houses years ago—show windows have been cut into the fronts of some, while just a sign announces on others, "Hemstitching neatly done here," or "Koolski makes and repairs shoes." I think if we could open the fronts of these little stores we could see the Misses Kammer neatly hemstitching, an anxious pucker on their foreheads, their faded eyes strained behind their iron bowed glasses; there would probably be innumerable young Koolski's, all in a room with some cats, and Mrs. Koolski administering a good-natured cuff now and then.

Now let us drift along toward our objective—the bookstore. We try to avoid the children who seem to be playing tag in several languages—the "blind" man (whom we had seen furtively raise his dark glasses to look into his little cup a moment ago) offers us his pencils, but finally we reach a small shop, with no show window, but with a modest sign, rather faded, now proclaiming that there are various rare and second-hand books for sale. We open the little door that creaks on its hinges, and has probably creaked just so for twenty years. It annoys us a little—it seems the least bit negligible.

We find ourselves in a different atmosphere at once. Any sensitive person will feel the change. It is cool, and rather dark, after the heat and glare of the street. I do not know why a bookstore of this type should seem quiet, when its neighbor, a small tailoring establishment, whose walls are no thicker, seems so loud.

The floor is bare, and somehow has that look that brings a picture of a large Irish-woman on her hands and knees beside a bucket of hot, soapy water, scrubbing—I can even hear her brush as it strikes a counter or a chair. She probably does not come often—booksellers are not notoriously rich. There are shelves reaching almost to the ceiling; some rows are empty, some filled with books whose titles we cannot see in the dimness; but here and there the sun strikes on the reds and greens and blues of the bindings and through the little dancing dust particles we can read some names. The books do not seem particularly remarkable—some are shabby, some quite new-looking, some large, some small. There are some names familiar to us, some names our

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grandparents might remember. But to me at least it is all fascinating—I am longing to scramble up the little ladder beside one of the cases to see if I cannot find something strange and romantic. I am not sure what that something could be, but there are such possibilities in a place like this! A rare edition—an exquisite binding—some almost-forgotten work of a great author—an autographed volume—who knows? I do discover a dog-eared copy of an old favorite, and at my suddenly muffled cry, the book-seller comes forward. A slender man with frayed cuffs, neatly trimmed—half-soled shoes—but it is unkind to dwell on his poverty; he is probably far richer than I in knowledge, and what would I not give for his treasures!

I am sure it is your interest and sympathy that cause him to show us the rest. Somehow we feel honored, for we realize dimly that perhaps every one is not permitted to see his rarest and finest books. He leads us to the back of the small shop, up a wobbly and narrow stairway, into a little back room. We gaze with delight upon a map of the world, by which Columbus himself might have steered his course unless he had been terrified by the dragons and other animals which no words could describe, or overawed by the representations of the sun and moon and stars, and fearsome-looking thunder clouds and the forked lightning which the artist had encouragingly pictured along the borders.

Here in this little room the old man showed us his chief treasures; he handled them as if he loved them dearly, and seemed to combine a feeling of hurt surprise when we would quickly lay down one book in our hurry to see another, with pleasure which our interest aroused. The room was lighted by almost the last rays of the sun and so there were fascinating shadows. There was a faint odor of old calf bindings, and glue, in the air. A fly buzzed lazily about. There was even a cobweb in a corner.

I do not know how long we spent looking at those books; there were some exquisitely bound, printed upon such thick, creamy paper that if there had not been a word in them, they would have been a joy to own; there was a quaint set autographed by Scott; one by Thackeray, one in French, upon the flyleaf of which sprawled the signature "Alexander Dumas"; a fine German translation of Shakespeare; "Le Cid," bound in morocco, in queer old lettering, with half the pages gone; "L'Aiglon" with notes as to stage business, with Maude Adams' name in the back; a Bible, with pictures so realistic that at one illustration I dropped my finger, feeling actually burned; one old book with stains I could have sworn were blood; it is impossible to tell where all these had come from—but how interesting to imagine! Who could have underlined certain passages—why had she or he done it? Why had these beautiful things been sold? And oh! why did we not have time to sit down in the old, shabby chair and read the fascinating things in them? But the sun was sinking lower and lower—Sometime we must come again.

KATHERINE GIBSON.



THE CHAPEL

FROM our windows we can see the Chapel. The fluted pillars of the portico, the green doors, fast, and jutting out almost three-quarters down their length, the large, brass knob. The windows on either side stare and the slates on the roof shine below the bell tower. The red brick of the side is broken into sections by five shuttered windows of clear glass, the shrubs are low alongside and the row of oaks still saplings. In the early morning we have watched it; the sunrise clouds behind the cathedral reflect in the sky and the white pillars are set in Venetian blues and pinks. Or in the rain the building seems to contract, and huddling on the ground, its slate roof dripping and porch wet, looks out through the two front windows. Again in the Spring, it warms itself in the sun on the velvet turf, contented with the foliage around it. In March, the wind sweeps across the Campus and sets the lantern swinging and the windows rattling. At sunset in the afterglow it stands, quietly rejoicing in its beauty and enjoying the evening star above the lawn. Or if it is clear and cold, and the night black, the light floods through the windows making austere patches on the lawn outside. In a fog its outline is just visible, the mist enfolds it and the bell rings a friendly summons. Again on a moonlight night, it is stately, a queen. Her beams fire the slates to white heat, every brick is aloof, the green doors deign to welcome but those who have achieved great and noble things. Yet other times when clouds are in the sky and the sun shines soft—through them, the Chapel waits and seems to understand. So many different moods have we seen it in, that it acquired an almost human significance, its presence is real; so much more there is of it to cherish than only the perfect form of a Chapel.

JEAN SYMINTON.

MOZART PLAYED IN CHAPEL

Silvery organ notes
Fell singly,
Making a pattern of musical sound—
Bright, iridescent drops
From unseen crystal icicles.

ELEANOR DWIGHT.

Perfection have I found me none;
Nor would I if I could.
For if I did I'd be undone;
I'd forfeit all I love.

ELEANOR DWIGHT.



MR. QUIDGER OF BANGERBURY

THE man in the chair looked out the window. He felt the coldness of the glass, and knew it to be a damp and penetrating sort of drizzle outside. He glanced at the clock in front of him and then at the green blotter splotted with ink on which lay a pile of yellow account sheets. He was an ordinary man in a ready-made suit, supplemented by a white shirt and a brown tie. His hair bore a close resemblance to hemp; his eyes were disinterested; his face deep-lined but not indicative of a strong character. He bit his lip and looked out the window again. There on the light poles hung tarnished silver rope; a sort of pattern was repeated on every post up and down the street. He saw the glimmer of the lights in the drug store across the way and the dingy cardboard advertisements in the window. Two men were talking in a listless manner over the counter. His eyes came back to the street decorations and he wondered blankly for a moment, then it came to him that next week would be Christmas and his wife's present was not bought. He supposed, in a slow way, that he'd have to buy Minnie something, never got any joy out of it but it had to be done. He looked at his clock again and shoved the yellow papers into a drawer. He got up jerkily, stopping in a half-risen position to look at a small red leather framed snapshot of a laughing baby. He walked over to a coat rack and took down a blue and green checked slicker and cap. He pulled a big umbrella off the top shelf and started to the door.

"Night, Bill," he said to a boy perched on a large stool, who was bending over a ledger.

"Night, Mr. Quidger," the boy replied, as he closed the door.

In the street, the drizzle was turning into a steady rain. His boots splashed in the puddles all the way to Tracy's; as soon as he saw an array of lampshades, he realized that what Minnie wanted most was a shade for the desk in the living-room; the old, green one had been broken for a month. He walked up and down the badly lighted rows of merchandise. His forehead furrowed as he picked up several shades and noted the price tags. They were imitation parchment ones with red cherry design. He looked at them rather carefully then pulled out from under a stack a light tan one with a fine blue design. He looked at it; hunched his shoulders and took it to the clerk, who, from behind a fort of bric-a-brac, had been watching him and his watch alternately, and with impatience. Mr. Quidger shoved a paper bill across the counter and accompanied it with the shade.

In a minute, he was walking up the street toward the railroad crossing. The bar was down and the "Limited" was in the station; he had to wait. His lips framed a quick, half smile of disconcert. He looked at the dark red cars and watched the people in the diner. Warm and comfortable, they looked, with the waiters chasing here and there, bringing them soup and steaming duck and coffee. Mr. Quidger smelt the coffee, then shook himself and held the lampshade more tightly. Mr. Quidger's black cotton umbrella began to leak. The train jerked and started; his eyes followed the diner; the people kept on laughing.

JEAN SYMINTON.



The Cupola

"THE WIDOW"

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

Presented by the Seniors, March 2, 1929

Time: The afternoon of July 28, 1794. During the Reign of Terror in France.

Place: Paris—San Lazarre Prison.

CHARACTERS

<i>André Chénier</i>	FLORENCE FARNSLEY
<i>Louis Trudaine</i>	MARY REED SIMPSON
<i>Charles Trudaine</i>	MOLLIE BENNETT
<i>Duchess de Fleury</i>	MARGERY RIACH
<i>Marie Joseph Chenier</i>	SUSANNE BRADLEY
<i>Gaoler</i>	MARGARET MURPHY
<i>A Victim of Terror</i>	MARJORIE KAISER
<i>Women of Paris</i>	

André Chénier, the French poet, is confined in the Prison of San Lazarre on the charge of writing against the new republic of France. The shadow of the guillotine darkens the prison cell. . . . The Widow is waiting.

Enter a mob of citizens, singing and screaming loudly.

First Citizen—Tear him to pieces. . . . Vengeance, Vengeance!

Second Citizen—Save him for her. The widow cries out for more victims . . . hunt them down in every attic and cellar . . . behind every closet door and beneath every bed. Drag them screaming before our courts of justice. Justice!!

They exit, singing and yelling and the curtain draws and shows them passing by a barred window.

A prison cell—and in it are André Chénier and Louis Trudaine.

Charles—The widow loves her dance and song. I suppose we'll be dancing next.

Louis—Ah, yes, twenty-five will dance for her today.

Charles—What difference does it make . . . kings, beggars, poets . . . young or old, she'll dance with you all. Take André now, misty-eyed star-dreamer, innocent as the clear, blue sky. . . .

Louis—And his Jeu de Paume . . . had you forgotten that?

Charles—Bah! A few words scribbled on a piece of paper . . . cowards, to be afraid of a poet's pen! Look at the criminal. Why, he isn't even good looking. When he

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was ten years old no girl would look at him and now the Widow wants him for a partner.

Louis—You talk of dancing . . . we are of noble birth, André is a poet and his brother a famous playwright. What right have these swine to condemn us?

Charles—Oh, Louis, haven't you forgotten your snuff-boxes and your powdered wig (after three months of this).

Gaoler—Aristocrats, there is a citizeness, the Duchess of Fleury, outside. I might let her in if it is worth anything to you.

Charles—André, come down from your far-away dreamlands. We are to be permitted a visit from the Duchess of Fleury.

André—I love her, and this will be the last time that I will see her. Oh, those long, deep purple nights, silvered with starlight, with her alone in the garden. I was Pierrot, and she was my moonlady . . . and what a strange Pierrot singing of happiness, but never of love. I was afraid to reach for my moonlady, she was so far away. I only sang and sighed and sang again. And now I can't tell her. Would it be fair? She is coming and we shall dream; dreams of the past and dreams of the future . . . the future. . . .

Charles—Come, Louis, we will withdraw to our . . . library. André, this is the wall, and here is the portrait of Louis' noble grandfather. We pass out, shutting the door behind us.

Duchess—André . . . Pierrot . . .

André—Imagine a Pierrot in a prison cell . . . sings songs of happiness . . . but I have a new song now . . . a song of love, a song of life. I wrote it to a moon, sailing out of my reach . . . to a lady in the moon.

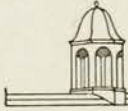
Duchess—Do let me hear it.

André—I call it "The Young Captive." (Reads.)

THE YOUNG CAPTIVE

By André Chénier

The voyage of life is but begun for me,
And landmarks I must pass, I see
 So few behind me stand.
At life's long banquet, now before me set,
My lips have hardly touched the cup as yet
 Still brimming in my hand.



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I only know the spring; I would see autumn brown;
Like the bright sun, that all the seasons crown,
I would round out my year.
A tender flower, the sunny garden's boast,
I have seen the fires of morning's host;
Would eve might find me here!

Oh, Death, can'st thou not wait? Depart from me, and go
To comfort those sad hearts whom pale despair, and woe,
And shame, perchance have wrung.
For me the woods still offer verdant ways,
The loves their kisses, and the Muses praise:
I would not die so young!

Thus, captive too—and sad, my lyre none the less
Woke at the plaint of one who breathed its own distress,
Youth in a prison cell;
And throwing off the yoke that weighed upon me too,
I strove in all the sweet and tender words I knew
Her gentle grief to tell.

Melodious witness of my captive days,
These rhymes shall make some lover of my lays
Seek the maid I have sung.
Grace sits on her brow, and all shall share,
Who see her charms, her grief and her despair:
They too must "die so young"!

Duchess—It is very beautiful, André. Are you going to give it to me?

André—Madame, it is yours.

Duchess—Poet, where do you find all your dreams?

André—I find them in the summer in tiny rosebuds . . . at sunset, when the sun is
stabbing the great blue sky with daggers of red and gold . . . at night . . .
when the moon sings the stars to sleep . . . and sometimes in my own heart
. . . and those are songs of sadness. You know my mother was a Greek, and I
was born in Constantinople . . . so you see I have some of the stuff dreams are
made of.

Duchess—Tell me, are you an immortal spirit?

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André—No, I was a boy, once, like other boys . . . college . . . light, care-free, sunny days, playing with each other and life . . . with Charles and Louis Trudaine . . . then a year in the army with bright red coats and gold buttons . . . Paris again, idle, pleasure-seeking, laughter-loving days . . . and poetry seeping into my soul like sap into tiny dry twigs. Then Italy, where body and soul found strength in azure seas and warm sunlight. Paris, enchanting, fascinating, luring us home again. . . . Cold, dreary England and the diplomatic service . . . and then . . .

Duchess—And then?

André—Then came the Revolution sweeping over France like a proud lady and mounting the throne in Paris, all men her courtiers, all strength in her arms . . . all cruelty in her heart. She was of the people, their child and idol . . . flaunting banners of false patriotism, false gods, false ideals of liberty and justice. Men wooed her; fought for her, as I did . . . only to be crushed under her scarlet heel.

Duchess—But your brother, Marie Joseph Chénier, can he do nothing for you? They say he is very influential with the Jacobins.

André—No. . . . He has done everything . . .

Duchess—But there must be something that he can do. And does he never come to see you?

Louis—Surely he cannot risk his political career for anything, not even his brother.

André—Louis . . .

Gaoler—Aristocrats, you are about to be honored by a visit from M. Marie Joseph Chénier of the Jacobin party.

André—Charles, Louis. I knew that he would come to save us.

Joseph—André, Charles, Louis, Madame.

Charles—Enter the hero and rescuer. We knew he couldn't resist a dramatic ending to his little farce.

Joseph—My dear friends and brother, I hope that you have been well treated? At least I have helped to make your confinement as comfortable as possible. I suppose you have been wondering all this time what I have been doing.

Louis—Yes, we might be interested.

Joseph—Oh, I know. Others have been speaking to me in the same tone. It is not enough that I have endangered my own life for you. I appealed to the highest authorities, I wrote letters. I prepared extensive plans not only for your pardon,



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but for escape . . . but to no avail. The most feasible and diplomatic procedure was to drop the matter altogether that you might be forgotten until more favorable times. Do you understand me?

Louis—Of course, it is easier to do nothing. Why have you come, Jacobin, to laugh at the puppets on Jacobin Strings, dancing for you and the Widow . . .

Gaoler (Reads sentence)—André Chénier, citizen of Paris, aged 31, has been found guilty of:

- I. Being an enemy of the people.
- II. Writing against liberty and in favor of tyranny.
- III. Corresponding with enemies of the Republic, abroad and at home.
- IV. And finally, of conspiring, in the prison of St. Lazarre, to murder the members of the Committees of General Safety and to re-establish royalty in France.

For which reasons—named above—he is sentenced to die upon the scaffold of the guillotine at the Barrier de Vincennes, this very evening of July 25, 1794, at 6 o'clock.

Joseph—I will be with you to the last.

Exit Charles, Louis and Joseph.

Duchess—This is not the end, André . . . I have a living part of you . . . this . . .

André—No, I have left nothing to posterity . . . but I had something in me.



"THE WIDOW"

PRESENTED BY THE JUNIORS, MARCH 2, 1929

Tonight the Juniors present to you their interpretation of "The Widow." Though in bereavement widows in every corner of the earth have a common bond, we believe that widowhood is not essentially universal, in that a widow's sense of fidelity varies as does individual personality. Therefore we are presenting three distinct types of the integrity displayed by a widow. There are widows who are intensely loyal to their departed mates; there are those who merely feel a stoic sense of duty toward the dead; those who feel only the conventional social code; and those who have no souls at all. . . . Here is shown to you the Chinese Widow . . . now . . . on with the play. . . .

* * * * *

THE GRECIAN WIDOW

From the Orient to the Occident is a long journey. Put on your seven-league boots and travel with us in our imagination from the sun-beaten highroads of China, across the desert, sea and mountain range, to the moist, warm soil of Greece . . . this tragedy of Greece we dedicate to the master of Greek tragedy—Euripedes. In the subtlety of human nature, he went beneath the surface, and his portrayal ranks supreme. His characters are strong and forceful, with stern devotion to their duty as their basis. Is our Grecian widow of the same calibre? In depth of insight, perhaps we have fallen short of the difficult task we set out to accomplish . . . but we are here, space has been conquered, we are in the West . . . in Greece. Begin!

* * * * *

THE MODERN WIDOW

A far cry from both the Empire of China and of ancient Greece . . . the widow of our modern civilization. It has taken a ceaseless struggle of a hundred thousand years for man to grope his way upward in a triumphant march that brought forth civilization. But have the machines that made him lord of the elements not in turn made a machine of him; and rendered him numb and insensible to the controlling emotions and feelings that once were his? Have thousands of years of cultural background developed our woman to such a degree that she has become the mere plaything of eternal folly, obeying its vain, treacherous whims? But the play is waiting and you are impatient. See and judge for yourself the genuine or mechanical emotions of the modern widow.

MARIANNE STEVENSON.



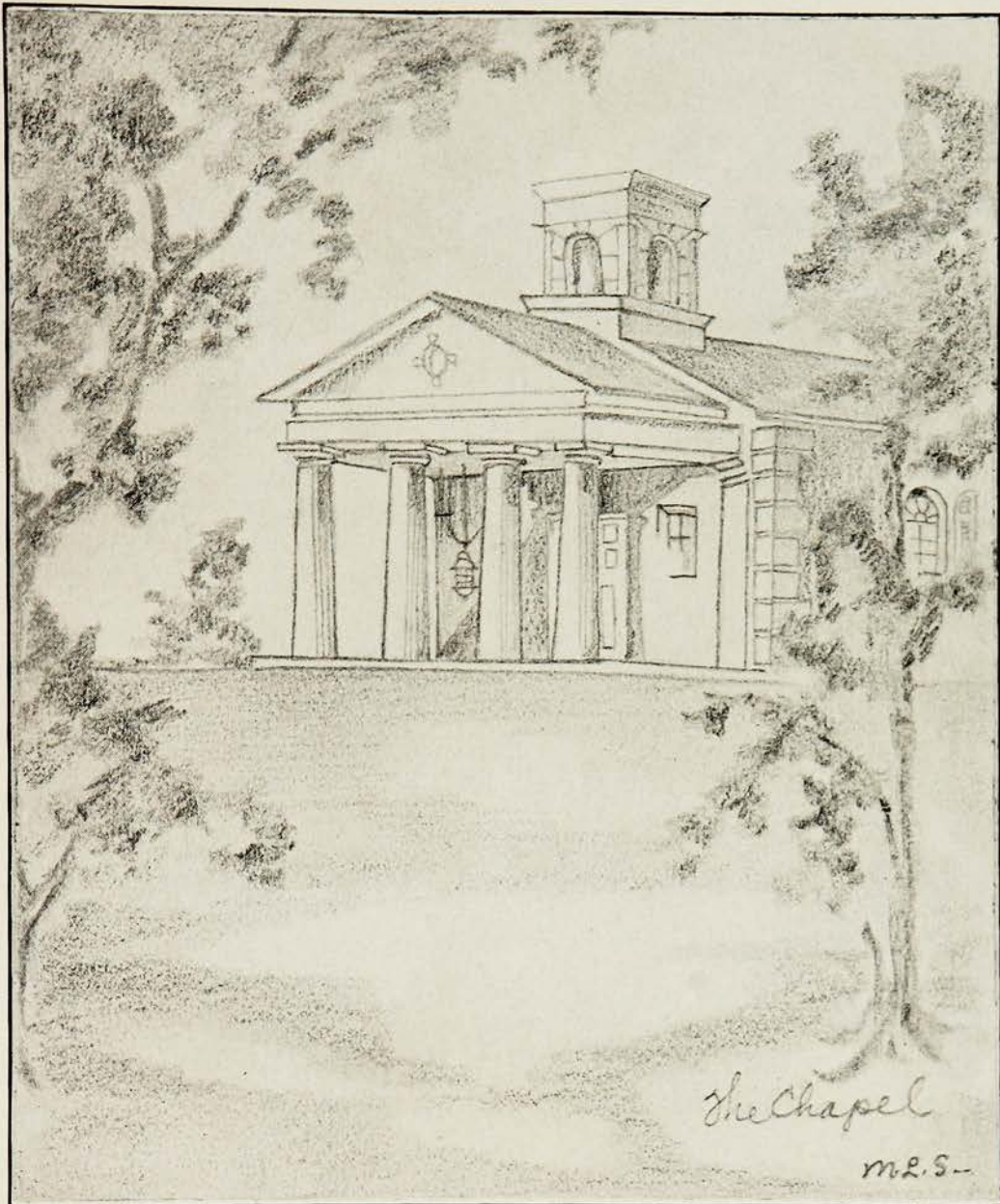
THE SONG

There the dirt of screeching cities,
Brick and mortar hems me in.
Smoke and clamour, sultry air,
Drab, dark buildings, high and higher,
Man machine-like,
Lost all vision,
Driven onward,
Civilization.

My face is hot, and brain is fevered,
Brain is dark, dark as the night,
Thoughts are pounding,
Rest nor stop they go on rushing,
Drab, machine-like,
All confusion

In the cool night, there the soft breeze,
Smell of damp earth, crickets chirping,
Up my heart went, with a vision,
As a bird's flight, free and wanton,
On the breeze my soul soared high.
There in stillness, calm and beauty,
Found my brain a welcome haven.
Dispelling sorrow and confusion,
Found communion with my God.
And my heart is singing, singing—
The song it found,
It can't forget

MARIANNE STEVENSON.



• • EVENTS • •



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SCHOOL CALENDAR FOR 1928-1929

October.

1. Arrival of the twenty-three Seniors, our guiding stars.
2. The rest of the student body arrived, including Junior Candidates.
5. First sight-seeing trip—Mount Vernon.
6. Old Girl-New Girl Party.
7. Dr. Harris called upon to deliver the first sermon of the year.
11. "Get up, Juniors, and salute your Seniors!"
12. Seniors cease making Juniors wipe their smiles off on the carpet.
13. Senior house warming.
15. Classes interrupted by the Zeppelin from Germany which flew over M. V. S.
24. Basket-ball game—Form against Collegiate.
27. Hallowe'en party—Junior vaudeville.

November.

5. Founder's Day.
6. Smith, from Kentucky, was overwhelmingly defeated by Hoover, from Texas, for presidency.
13. Philadelphia Symphony.
16. Dramatic Workshop presented *Minuet, Council Retained*.
17. Madeira School versus M. V. S. arrayed on Hockey field.
18. Horowitz piano recital.—At least we don't have the chair parade back to the dining-room any more.
20. A favorite of ours spoke on *Beaux Strategem*, Clayton Hamilton.
23. Miss Cole's tea for the Seniors.
25. Walking Club breakfast.
29. Thanksgiving basket-ball game—Seniors versus Juniors. Dinner by candle-light. Dance in Great Hall—a deficiency of masculine dancing partners.

December.

8. Book exhibit and Pennell Etchings. Plays, *This is Tuesday* and *The Ghost Story*, presented by the Dramatic Workshop.
9. Recital by David Legum, violinist; Emerson Meyers, accompanist.
14. Californians homeward bound!
15. Christmas Tree Party Play, *Why the Chimes Rang*.
16. Formal Piano Recital. "Be quiet, you-all, whil' ah take the role."
18. Seniors caroling awakened us this eventful day.

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January.

8. Everybody returned on time unless she had an excellent excuse.
12. Seniors won first Ingenuity Contest.
14. French Club.
19. Senior Play, *The Swan*, artistically presented.
23. An Old girl, Elise Dufour, spoke in Chapel. Remember to feel before you act.
25. Our distinguished neighbor, Mr. David Lawrence, spoke on *The Well-Trained Mind and Its Need in Modern Life*.
26. Second Ingenuity Contest. Juniors won Wheels, wheels, and more wheels.
27. Recital by Miss Raner.
29. Cupola Workshop Program.

February.

3. Mrs. Erwin, a graduate of M. V. S., gave a song recital.
8. Another graduate, Miss Virginia Hamill, returns to speak on *Modern Decorations*.
11. Faculty meeting—meaning all rules off for the present.
12. Vachel Lindsay's recital of his poems. "Do you hear me Pollyanne, Pollyanne."
15. Posture Rally.
16. Valentine Party.
21. The much-debated, long week-end arrived. Specials to New York.

March.

1. Initiation of new members into Optima.
2. Third Ingenuity Contest. Juniors will present their colors only when requested by Seniors.
4. Inauguration—a wet one.
9. *Trelawny of the Wells*, Yellow and White Class play.
13. Drew Pearson came to us in assembly for the last time this year.
16. Madeira versus Mount Vernon in the big basket-ball game of the season.
19. The Latin Party.
21. Student Recital—talent displayed.
22. Student Recital—more talent.
24. Student Recital—still more talent.
27. The call of spring—oh, how sweet!

April.

6. Still possessed with the spring fever, but nevertheless returned to M. V. S.



The Cupola

April.

7. Song Recital—Saveli Walevitch.
13. Optima benefit. Victrola or Radio?
19. Choir benefit.
20. Swimming meet.
24. Senior Essays.

May.

8. Felix Mahoney in Assembly.
9. Junior-Senior Banquet.
18. Field Day.
24. Musical.
25. Alumnae Day.
26. Baccalaureate Sermon.
27. Junior Play—*Peter Pan*.
28. Glee Club Concert.
29. Farewell, Seniors, farewell!

FAG WEEK

AS VIEWED BY THE JUNIOR CANDIDATES

Black masks . . . shrill whistles . . . "Candidate". Early dark mornings . . . spectacles that tickle our noses . . . stocking caps that bother our ears . . . notes of apology . . . verses . . . songs of praise . . . buttons to sew on . . . stockings to mend . . . salutes . . . bowings and scrapings . . . Pond's cold cream (adv.) sliding over our faces . . . smiles lying on every step . . . "Yes, Miss Alexander" . . . mighty Seniors row on row, hundreds of them . . . stern Seniors demanding service . . . amused Seniors trying vainly to hide ripples of mirth . . . Beautiful Seniors all dressed up . . . Benevolent Seniors ending Fag Week.

AS VIEWED BY THE SENIORS

Candidates . . . sleepy-eyed, wiggling candidates lining up for cold showers . . . Dull candidates ("If Candidate Shoe-gart doesn't stop being so funny I'll have to break down and smile") . . . Please write an apology to Miss Alexander ("Jane, *did* you see what Candidate sent me as a token of her devotion?") . . . Candidates' pig-tails coming unbraided ("Would you ever recognize Peter?") . . . Heavy Candidates becoming heavier ("I don't believe Tattie's scales can stand any more!") . . . Lazy Candidates ("I'm worn out, I can't think of another thing for Candidate to do.") . . . Hopeless Candidates suddenly turning into beaming Juniors ("Connie, you should be proud of them all—such fine sports—these Juniors!").



THE JUNIOR VAUDEVILLE

'Tis Hallowe'en, and time for the Juniors to show their skill.

The curtain parts to disclose none other than Jane Shugart playing the role of "Mama" in "The Ruin of Sherlock Holmes," a very difficult one I assure you. We have only a moment to gaze upon her for we are rudely interrupted by a good-looking villain—nothing else matters as long as he is good-looking. We can tell by the way he wiggles his ears that he is Harry Haradon. Mama refuses him the hand of her lovely daughter, so of course the only thing for Harry to do is to shoot her.

Act II gives us a big thrill and many laughs. We find ourselves in the office of our old friend, Sherlock Holmes, cleverly played by Marianne Stevenson. His morning paper discloses the daring murder and the canny Holmes and Doctor Watson (who should this be but Connie?) hasten to solve it.

Act III takes us to a fashionable restaurant in jolly old London, where we are royally entertained by the singing and dancing of some of our almost-dignified Juniors, and Virginia Bryson's portrayal of the "Village Blacksmith" with the aid of Jane Shugart's hands, and then Lillian Clem ends the frivolity with a solo dance.

Act IV. And we are back at the scene of horror. The Lovely Daughter, so sympathetically played by Nan Wright, is weeping over the body of poor, dear Mama. Watson and Holmes enter, but also, through the trickery of Harry Haradon, the blame for the murder is laid on innocent Holmes. This is too much for him, and he shoots himself—beautifully. The tragedy of it all is too great, and the curtain is freed to fall.

And the Juniors have proved themselves worthy of their name.

THE OPTIMA PARTY

AS DREAMED OF ONE SATURDAY NIGHT IN EARLY SPRING

A crazy house . . . a chute the chutes . . . twirling barrels . . . a loud-noised Barker . . . A Circus . . . a dark-eyed Fortune Teller—beware of Blond Men . . . the Snake-Charmer with medusa locks . . . a Band—red-coated—playing on piccolos . . . Clowns . . . a Roller Skating Bear . . . A Big Ring-Master . . . a Tattooed Lady . . . a Wild Woman from Borneo . . . A strong man bending bars of soap . . . A tent with a monkey climbing down from the roof . . . the Living Skeleton . . . Siamese Twins coming unpinned . . . A Bareback Rider with stockings on . . . Elephants . . . Giraffes with black small-pox marks . . . More clowns . . . Tight Rope Walkers and old umbrellas . . . Acrobat with one stiff knee . . . The Fat Lady munching peanuts . . . Pink lemonade and crackerjack . . . A tent of paper blowing in the breeze . . . Midgets with great big familiar faces—smiling, smiling like gargoyles at night coming—Coming, COMING, COMING, COMING.

Mary, my head, and DO I have to go to drill . . .



FOUNDER'S DAY

(Taken from the Recording Secretary's notes)

THE Founder's Day meeting was held at school on Monday, November the fifth, with the regent, Mary Strachan, presiding.

Letters were read, telling of the interests, social and charitable, of the various chapters and many telegrams, voicing the love and remembrance of the old girls.

Word came from Caroline Sweeney that she, representing the later school, and Mrs. Carey, the beloved friend of the early days, had placed upon Mrs. Somers' grave the flowers ordered by the Society. Miss Walker suggested that on November the fifteenth, Mrs. Hensley's birthday, a committee of faculty and girls lay upon her grave the choicest blossoms from our own conservatory.

A communication was read from Mr. Campbell, the artist in charge of the decoration of the convalescent room at the Children's Hospital. Miss Cole spoke of his interest in the work and of his visit to Cragmoor last summer to submit designs for her approval.

Suggestions at the request of the Society were given by Miss Gibson, superintendent, as to the needs of the Hospital and, on motion of Miss Walker, an appropriation of not exceeding \$600.00 was made for the purchase of two bath-slabs and an ice-box which were greatly needed in the pharmacy department for the keeping of serums. It was also moved and seconded that the sum of \$100.00 be set aside as our contribution to the Associated Charities of the District.

Miss Cole spoke most appreciably of the loyalty of the old girls, especially of those in Washington, of the progressive spirit of the School from its inception—a spirit which had been brought anew to her mind by a re-reading of the courses of study in the old catalogues and yearbooks—and of her gratification in the success of movements made this year to stand in the front rank of the highest educational ideals. In keeping with that thought, she mentioned the selection of Elsie Foerderer as President of the Alumnae Association and of her visit to M. V. S. in the fall to sense the needs and the privileges of that body as a force in maintaining as an eternal and abiding goal the development of character.

The meeting was followed by a reception in the dining-room where old girls and new, faculty and friends, gathered about the birthday cake with its circle of candles and made their good wishes for the school. Miss Edwards on tiptoe was the first to blow out a candle, then followed the old girls and the school granddaughters until all of the fifty-three candles were extinguished.



THANKSGIVING DAY

MENU

Cornucopia de Fruit

Hors d'oeuvres

Mothers

Fathers

Sisters

Brothers

Purée of Basket-Ball

Seniors à la mode bleu

Juniors au bons sports

Croutons of rah rah

Poisson à la Mayflower

Sauce de Carlton

Garnished by Rausher

Entrees

Whoopee

Filet of Eddie Cantor

Broccoli of Ruth Etting

George Olsen pommes de terre musicales

Asparagus of six or eight

Stuffing by Ziegfeld

Sausages harmoniques

Rolls à la Indian Feathers

Sherbert of song and dance

Salade

Alligator Pears à la Collegiate Division

Dressing Yellow and White

Deserte

Plum Pudding Dansante

Jeunes Filles

Robes de Bal

Princetonian Cheeses

Georgia Crackers

Yale-ites

Demi Tasse au clair de lune

Mints au revoir

Miss Cole, Hostess

Thanksgiving Dinner

Mount Vernon Seminary

November the twenty-ninth

Nineteen hundred and twenty-nine



YELLOW AND WHITE VALENTINE PARTY

HERE'S three lusty cheers for "WVY" (the Whites, Yellows and the spirit of St. Valentine). Their record-breaking success has assured them a famous future.

Painstaking preparations were made before the "take-off" Saturday eve, February 16, at 8.30 o'clock. In consequence, there was an abundance of provisions for a good time in store. The supply evinced no signs of a "lowtank" at the final landing when four couples arranged in red jackets, the girls in white skirts, the boys in "ducks," marched out singing "Beloved" and "Sweethearts on Parade."

Miss Cole, Miss Burgess and the respective presidents of the White and Yellow classes greeted the guests. On entering one was completely captivated by hundreds of red cupids against a white background. Fortunately, they were "glued to the spot." Otherwise their bloody darts might have pierced too many stray hearts placed dangerously near them.

Faculty and students alike were in costumes. The effect was a gay and colorful assembly. Marie Antoinette graced it with her presence and a gallant Russian courtier caused the modest, eighteenth-century damsels to lower their eyelids, the daring coquettes to raise theirs and the proud Spanish beauty to flutter her fan. Peasant maids in gala dress vied with one another for recognition from the dashing West Point cadet.

Holland, Norway, Austria, Greece, China, and Mexico were also represented. Each nation set aside its prejudices that night; joined in a grand march and later in competition for the best dancer of the group.

To furnish further entertainment for the guests, six old-fashioned maids wearing fluffy skirts in pastel shades and bearing a long rose chain performed a graceful dance.

After this, ice cream and heart-shaped cakes were passed. Fruit punch was served during the evening. All too soon the hour of departure came. Yet every one left with an air of satisfaction because of the wonderful time. To complete the perfect picture, a sleep-over was announced.



INGENUITY CONTESTS

The First Contest in the manner of "Life."

Wherein they have a try at almost everything.

JUNIORS

MAD FOLK OF THE THEATER. Wherein a breath-taking day in the theater whizzed by, amidst much tearing of hair. Acting and varied costumes good. (Pantomime.)

ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT. Entirely in black and white—two lovers before a fountain, shown on a screen. Very artistic. (Tableau.)

YOUTH RIDES OUT. An awkward bride sprinkling powder about and an over-excited groom, finally "rides out" in a very ingenious riding device fashioned of walking umbrellas. (Conversation.)

THE CHILDREN. In which the proud parents exhibit their talented children, who go through several bars of unflinching screeching, at a musical recital. (Musical.)

SENIORS

MAD FOLK OF THE THEATER. In which an irate director finally succeeds, amidst much hub-bub caused by gum-chewing flappers, in persuading the temperamental star to sign her contract, while the nonchalant hero looks on. (Pantomime.)

ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT. Katharine Howell making a beautiful moon-flooded lady in white organdie, against a background of blue satin (which, by the way, happened to be a perfectly good quilt). (Tableau.)

YOUTH RIDES OUT. Quite a breezy picture of what modern youth is supposed to be—much harmony (?) by the passengers of an improvised Ford (it wasn't a new one, incidentally), full of signs, license plates, etc. (Musical.)

THE CHILDREN. In which the differences in station were admirably pointed out by the spoiled, pampered daughter of the rich, and the outspoken, appealing daughter of the wash-woman. Ingenious thinking and dialogue. (Dialogue.)

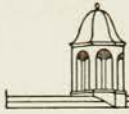
The *Seniors* won this Contest.

More Serious and More Ingenuity.

(Second Contest)

JUNIORS

WHEELS. In which a delirious American soldier sees determined soldiers, buzzing airplanes and rattling ambulances (all projected on a screen) change into the pale, haggard figures of Ignorance, Force, Greed, Jealousy, turning their wheels toward the



The Cupola

destruction of the world. Very impressively done in red, green and ghostly white, against a background of black. Outstanding horror and grimness.

SENIORS

WHEELS. Wherein every type of woman, from a flapper to a student, moves the wheels in the laboratory of half-crazed scientists, toward producing the Perfect Woman. And lest we forget—Mrs. McAllister (most unmistakably) frightened poor "Sookie" out of the unreality of her horrible dream, to the unpleasant reality of a "note."

The *Juniors* won this Contest.

Impressions of the Third Contest

JUNIORS

THE WIDOW

In China. She grieves—she cries out—she goes to her husband's grave with mincing steps.

In Greece. She wails before Doric columns—she calls her maidens—she kills herself—forced on by her sense of tragedy.

In America. Highly rouged she flirts over the telephone; she dons her gayest gown and hurries out to dance her sorrow into nothing.

SENIORS

THE WIDOW

Outside—Howling, singing mobs of "the people."

Inside—The aristocracy still take snuff, despite the dingy prison walls. Behind the bars the "moon lady" listens to the prisoner's poetry. Without—The Widow waits for them to join her.

The *Seniors* won this Contest.

PROJECTS

Project days this year brought some very interesting experiences as well as some unusual work from all the various classes. The History of Art and aesthetics classes made trips to the various art galleries in Washington; the Psychology classes made fascinating and graphic charts of the special fields of psychology which had been studied; the Survey classes drew maps, charts, and graphs, and were invited to a three-hour research problem. The Literature classes wrote extensive papers, taking Greece, Italy and China as a setting for their adventures. One of the most unique thoughts gathered from these later Projects is the realization that ancient Chinese poetry has the distinct modern atmosphere revealed in the following paper.



CHINESE POETRY

To the Chinese poet is given great freedom since the Chinese think poetry is "emotion expressed in words." The old Chinese poet of the fourth century B. C., Ch'u Yuan, and his school, took great advantage in this freedom; the meters, from being sedate and quiet, took on a wild, reckless and shapeless form. This suited the thoughts of the poets, though, for the poetry was very imaginative, allusive and allegorical to a high degree. Ch'u Yuan is considered one of the greatest poets of the Feudal Age (from 600-200 B. C.). His poetry rhymes at will and is whimsical and fitful; his longer poems are morose and in the present day he would be considered a decided pessimist.

This, however, is a rather charming piece of his poetry:

Gently blows the east wind;
Softly falls the rain.
In my joy I become oblivious of home;
For who in my decline would honor me now?

I pluck the larkspur on the hill side,
Amid the chaos of rock and tangled vine.
I hate him who has made me an outcast,
Who has now no leisure to think of me.

I drink from the rocky spring,
I shade myself beneath the spreading pine.
Even though he were to recall me to him,
I could not fall to the level of the world."

Sung Yu, the nephew of Ch'u Yuan, a statesman and a poet, was not as loud in his lamentations as his uncle. He wrote quite a long poem, "Li Sao"; this is a verse from it, showing his style and colorful manner of writing:

"Among birds the phoenix, among fishes the leviathan
holds the chiefest place;
Cleaving the crimson clouds
the phoenix soars apace,
with only the blue sky above,
far into the realms of space;
But as the grandeur of heaven and earth
is as naught to the hedge-sparrow race."

During this time the poet had no prescribed number of feet but lengthens the meter or shortens it to suit the exigency of his thought. The flexibility of language and the poetical imagery makes up for any deficiencies.

This period in which Ch'u Yuan and Sung Yu were the principal poets was more of a transitional one and during the second century B. C. the poetry took on a more definite form and meter. Poems were written in meters of four, five and seven words to a line and under Mei Sheng the five-word meter was definitely established. The modern poetry can be dated from him. His works are charming in their simplicity but most of them are extant:

"Green grows the grass upon the bank,
The willow shoots are long and lank;
A lady in a glistening gown
Opens the casement and looks down.



The Cupola

The roses in her cheeks blush bright,
Her rounded arm is dazzling white;
A singing girl in early life,
And now a careless roue's wife. . . .
Ah, if he does not mind his own,
He'll find some day the bird has flown."

The change in the poetry in the two centuries is not so very great. The ground material or foundation was there in the works of Ch'u Yuan but it needed the polish and rhythm of Mei Sheng to perfect it.

The Emperors in the Han Dynasty dabbled in poetry between the numerous petty wars and amorous affairs, but their addition was such that it is not worthy to pause here and give it notice.

The first woman poet we have any definite knowledge of is Lady Pan. She was quite a favorite of the Emperors but never overstepped her place. When the Emperor found his attentions attracted elsewhere, she wrote this poem on a fan and sent it to him:

"O, fair white silk, fresh from the weaver's loom,
Clean as the frost, bright as the winter's snow—
See! friendship fashions out of a fan,
Round as the round moon shines in the heaven above,
Stirring at every movement the grateful gale.
And yet I fear, ah me! that autumn chills,
Cooling the summer's torrid rage,
Will see thee laid neglected on the shelf,
All thought of bygone days, like thee bygone."

The phrase "autumn fan" from Lady Pan's poem has come to mean figuratively in the English language a deserted wife.

The Tang Dynasty is usually associated in Chinese minds with much romance, of love and war, wealth, culture, and refinement, extravagance and dissipation, but most of all—poetry. In this era, from 600-900 A. D., the flower of Chinese poetry burst into bloom. It is the climax of the beginning made by Ch'u Yuan. Since the age of the Hans the meaning of the words had become fixed and the structural arrangement more uniform and polished. The flow and play upon words was at its height and imagination a vital thing in the writing of a poem.

A long poem does not appeal to the Chinese and an epic is unheard of. Brevity is the soul of a Chinese poem and it is strangely modern in that it is valued more at what it implies or suggests than what it says.

One of the poets we shall take up briefly is Wang Po, a precocious boy, who it is said began writing at the age of six and kept on writing for fifty odd years; his best works are written, however, when he was in an intoxicated condition. Some of his poems are beautiful and among these is—

"Near these islands a palace
 was built by a prince,
But its music and song
 have departed long since;
The hill mists of morning
 sweep down on the halls,
The clouds o'er the water,
 their shadows still cast,



Things change like the stars
 how few autumns have passed
And yet where is that prince?
 where is he?—No reply,
Save the splash of the stream
 rolling ceaselessly by."

Wang Wei, a famous physician and poet of the seventh century, gave up his official life, after a short while, and retired to the seclusion of the hills and occupied himself with poetry and the consolations of Buddhism. He was accused by the critics of incongruity but this was not justified. Here is a short poem of his:

"Beneath my bamboo grove alone
I seize my lute and sit and croon;
No ear to hear me, save mine own;
No eye to see me save the moon."

Li Po is considered, however, to be the greatest of the Chinese poets in the writing of light, amorous verses. He led the wildest of Bohemian lives; his career at court was of the most dissipated; his sad exile and tragic death rather endear him than condemn in the hearts of the Chinese people. He was most versatile and had a compelling personality. A beautiful example of his poetry is:

"The birds have all flown to their roost in the trees,
The last cloud has floated lazily by;
But we never tire of each other, not we;
As we sit there together . . . the mountains and I.

I wake and the moonbeams play round my bed,
Glittering like hoar-frost to my wondering eyes;
Up towards the glorious moon I raise my head,
Then lay me down—and thoughts of home arise."

Another great favorite was Han Yu, he was just the opposite of Li Po and every thing Li Po should have been. He was loved because of his pure and noble character and his calm and dignified patriotism. These characteristics showed in his works and affected the general theme of them. Even his nobleness of character did not keep him from being exiled in his old age; here is a poem of his written on his way to his exile:

"Alas the early season flies,
Behold the early remnants of spring!
My boat in land-locked water lies,
At dawn I hear the wild birds sing.

Then, through clouds lingering on the slope,
The rising sun breaks through to me,
And thrills me with a fleeting hope—
A prisoner longing to be free.

My flowing tears are long since dried,
Though care clings closer than it did.
But stop! All care we lay aside
When once they close the coffin lid."



The Cupola

In the Ming Dynasty the poetry shows a slight degeneration; for one thing there are fewer poets and after the great works in the Tang and Sung Dynasties, the poetry of this dynasty does not show up as well.

Heish Shin is the first great poet of this dynasty; he has an ease of expression well worth noting. A short poem of his showing what he considered to be the great happiness of life is:

"A gentle rain after long draught,
Meeting an old friend in a foreign clime,
The joys of a wedding day,
One's name on the list of successful candidates."

This is essentially modern to say the least. Fang Shu-Shao was rather a wild young man who, like many other Chinese poets, partook of more wine than was good for him, but this did not impair his standing as a poet. It is said of him when he was seriously ill and dying, he got into his coffin, the Chinese usually having one handy, and wrote his last poem, which is:

"An eternal home awaits me;
Shall I hesitate to go?
Or struggle for a few more hours
Of fleeting life below?
A home where in the clash of arms
I can never hear again!
And shall I strive to linger
In this thorny world of pain?
The breeze will soon blow cool o'er me,
And the bright moon shine o'er my head,
When blended with the gems of earth
I lie in my last bed.
My pen and ink shall go with me
Inside my funeral hearse.
So that if I've leisure ever there
I may soothe my soul with verse."

From the selections quoted above, it may be seen that the height of Chinese poetry was during the Tang Dynasty and that from 900-1300 A. D. the poetry kept nearly the same level and that it degenerated a little as time went on.

One always thinks of Chinese poetry as a whimsical, capricious, and exquisite thing, partaking of the beauty and fancifulness of a Chinese garden and a Chinese sunset.

CAROLINE PAULLIN.





The Cupola



CAST MANAGERS

To apply the well-known phrase, "a chain is as strong as its weakest link," to the theater, we might say that "a play is as strong as its weakest player," and so saying our only difficulty lies in finding someone who can count high enough to measure the strength of the Senior play. For most assuredly its cast was without flaw.

"The Swan" is the story of a very proud mother, whose royal family was abolished under Napoleon, and it is her aim (and decision) to bring about a marriage between Prince Albert and her daughter, so that she may once more lift her royal head. Her end is gained with the aid of the family tutor, entirely unbeknownst to him.

Any of us who saw Margery Riach as "Alexandra" cannot help but wonder how her ambitious, all-wise mother (so magnificently played by Mollie Bennett) could ever doubt that Prince Albert would fall in love with her beautiful, dignified daughter, so overflowing with charm. I am sure that the romantic, learned young tutor, so sympathetically portrayed by Florence Farnsley, brought as many tears to our eyes as Mary Vereen's foolish, prying interpretation of "Symphrosia" brought laughs to our lips. I hope that the Tea House Seniors realize their opportunity because if Margaret Murphy could be induced to repeat her performance of the immaculate, impassable "Caesar" for them, I am sure the shelter would prove far too small a place on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

We all knew that we loved "Harry" Haradon and "Sookie" Wegener before, but they just made much-too-adorable princess's sons. Marjorie Kaiser proved to be a very understanding, gentle monk, and I'm sure that we'll recommend Miss Quinlan when in search of an attractive, aristocratic son of a noble family.

And lest we forget the scenery—a banquet hall, lace tablecovers, moonlight balcony in sight, and all, certainly came to Mount Vernon Seminary, as well as a perfectly charming rose and gray sitting-room.

Mrs. Larkin, once more we bow before your powerful artistry—Prince, Princess, and all the motley throng.



London, March 3, 1864.

DEAR FANNY:

Here we are in this fascinating London! The trip was very uneventful but when we arrived we were delighted to discover that Rose Trelawny—you know *the* "Trelawny of the Wells"—was playing at the famous old Wells theater tonight. We hurried through dinner and, wearing our "special occasion" dresses, for our trunks had not come, we went out. At the Wells we felt very conspicuous because our dresses were quite out of place; London fashions decree extremely wide skirts and enormous hoops this year.

The old Wells theater has an atmosphere all its own. The seats are in rows of two with red ribbons up and down the aisles matching the red window curtains. Around the walls are old square brass lanterns that give the room a mellow glow. The ushers were young London debutantes; three beautiful girls from the Music Academy played a harp, a violin and a piano.

The play was superb. Rose Trelawny reminded me of Susan Schriber of the old M. V. S. days; she is a convincing actress and a "splendid gypsy"; her voice and manners are charming. Sir William Gower, the venerable Vice Chancellor, is a lovable old man in spite of his testiness and outward severity. His voice closely resembled Eleanor Benedict's. You would have fallen in love with his son, John Gower, who is the most handsome young Englishman I have seen. Imogene Parrot with her lovely blond hair and her gorgeous dresses is a belle of London. Avonia Bunn—you remember Rose's friend, sympathetic and lovable—is perfectly willing to sacrifice anything in the world if it would only bring happiness to Rose.

After the play we were invited to meet the cast at a reception. It was unbelievable that I should actually be meeting and speaking to these famous actors of whom I have always dreamed.

We expect to remain in London for several months.

Lovingly,

MARGARET.



The Cupola

COMMENCEMENT PLAYS—1928

THE TWELVE-POUND LOOK

<i>Sir Harry</i>	GRACE SMITH
<i>Lady Sims</i>	ELIZABETH BEVAN
<i>Tombes</i>	JEANNE STREET
<i>Kate</i>	MARGERY RIACH

GLORY OF THE MORNING

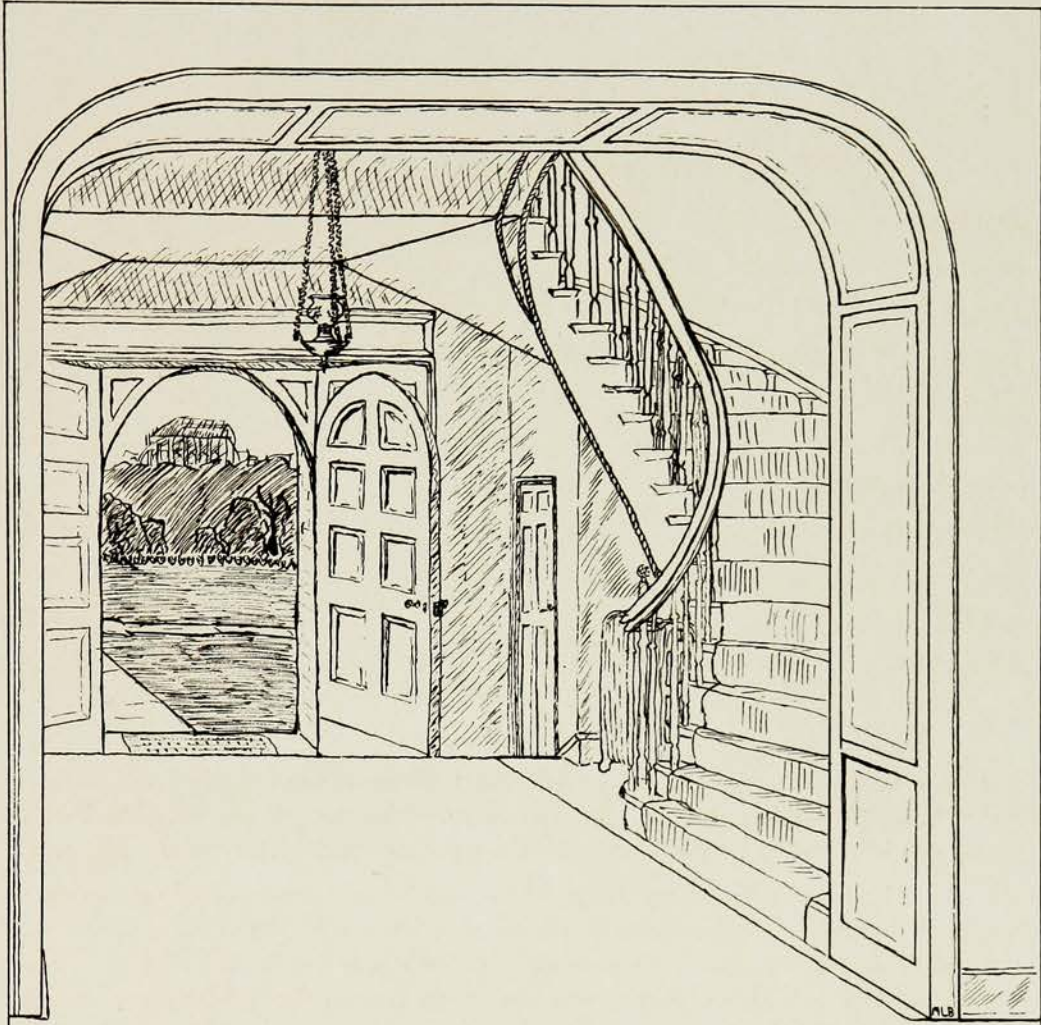
<i>Glory of the Morning</i>	KATHARINE HOWELL
<i>The Chevalier</i>	MOLLIE BENNETT
<i>Red Wing</i>	JEAN REDICK
<i>Oak Leaf</i>	ADELE WEISS
<i>Black Wolf</i>	BERILLA KERR

Who does not remember the excitement of Commencement week? And who, in thinking of that mad, gorgeous time, fails to think of the two plays—"The Twelve-Pound Look"—one of Barrie's most charming pieces—and "Glory of the Morning"?

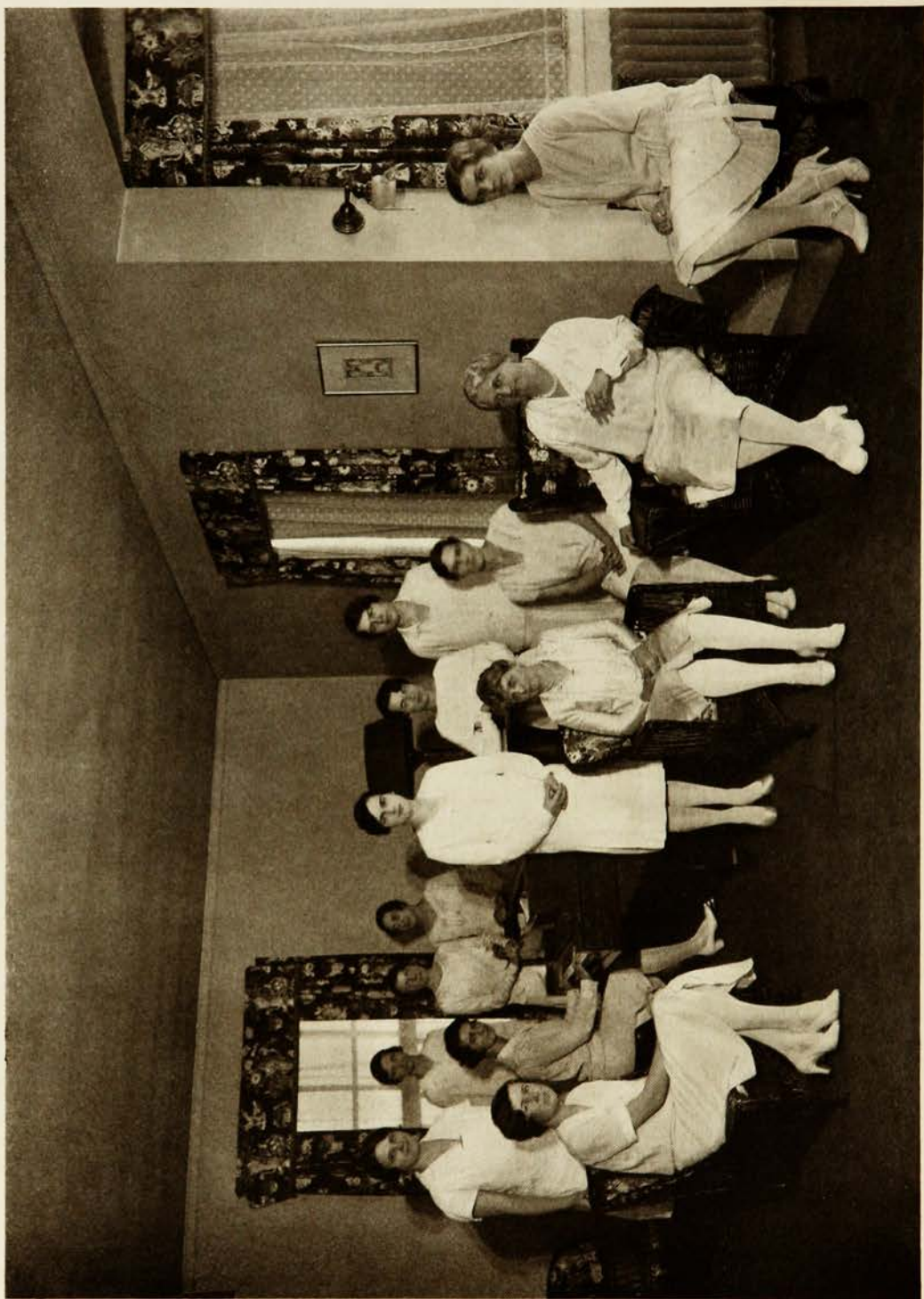
I do not know whether Betty Bevan has bought that twelve-pound typewriter or not, but I do know that she had us all thoroughly convinced, when she made her final exit, that she meant to buy it. Of course, it was Margery Riach's fascinating and convincing manner, and Grace Smith's firmness in her portrayal of "Sir Harry," that led her to make her resolve. Anyone under the same influence would have had much the same idea. And what a perfect "Tombes" Jeanne Street made! When a play is so well cast and carried out, it is difficult to say who was principally responsible. I think the school united in saying they *all* were.

"Glory of the Morning!" How debonair Mollie Bennett was as the chevalier—and what an exquisite bit of acting Katharine Howell did as his Winnebago squaw, "Glory of the Morning!" As for Red Wing and Oak Leaf, and Black Wolf, until the curtain went down, there were very few of us who thought of them as Jean Redick, Adele Weiss and Berilla Kerr—they *were* Indians, to us, and very real, interesting Indians, too.

And for those who did not see the Commencement Plays—well, just read them—and try to imagine how enjoyable they must have been, played so charmingly by our actresses and directed by Mrs. Larkin, which means that a successful play was inevitable.



CLUBS



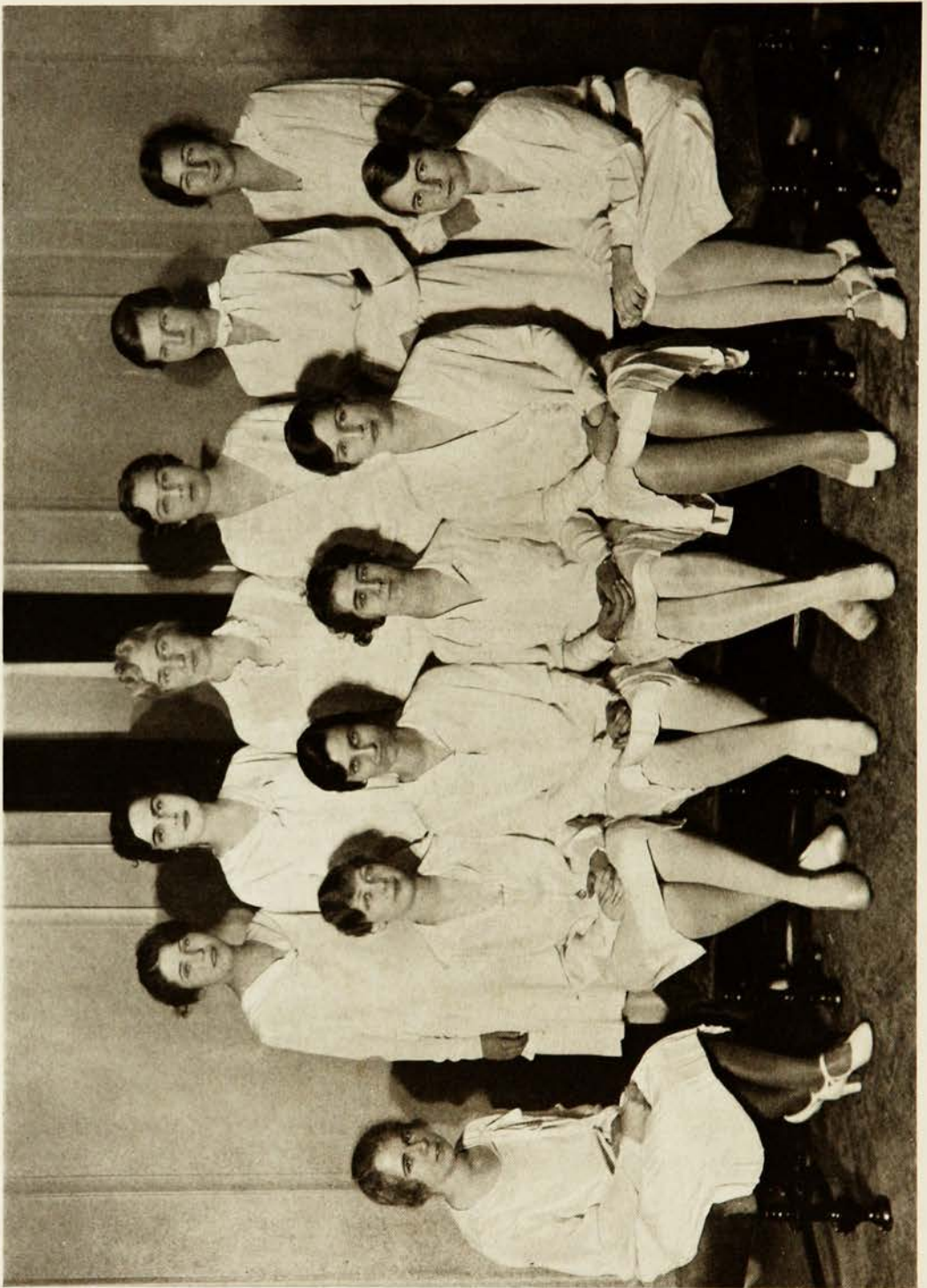


OPTIMA

MISS COLE	} <i>Honorary Members</i>
MISS HILL	
JANE COCHRAN	<i>President</i>
JEAN SYMINTON	<i>Vice-President</i>
MARGARET MURPHY	<i>Secretary</i>
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MOLLIE BENNETT
IRENE BOHON
MARY LOUISE BONTHRON
DOROTHY BOVENIZER
ELEANOR BOVENIZER
SUSANNE BRADLEY
LAURA BROWN
VIRGINIA CARTER
JANE COCHRAN
JULIA COTTRELL
ELEANOR DWIGHT

ALICE HAND
KATHARINE HOWELL
MARGARET JOHNSON
WILMA KOENIG
GERTRUDE LAMMERS
MARGARET MURPHY
CAROLINE PAULLIN
MARIANNE STEVENSON
JEAN SYMINTON
MARY VEREEN
FAY WILSON
LUCILLE WINTER



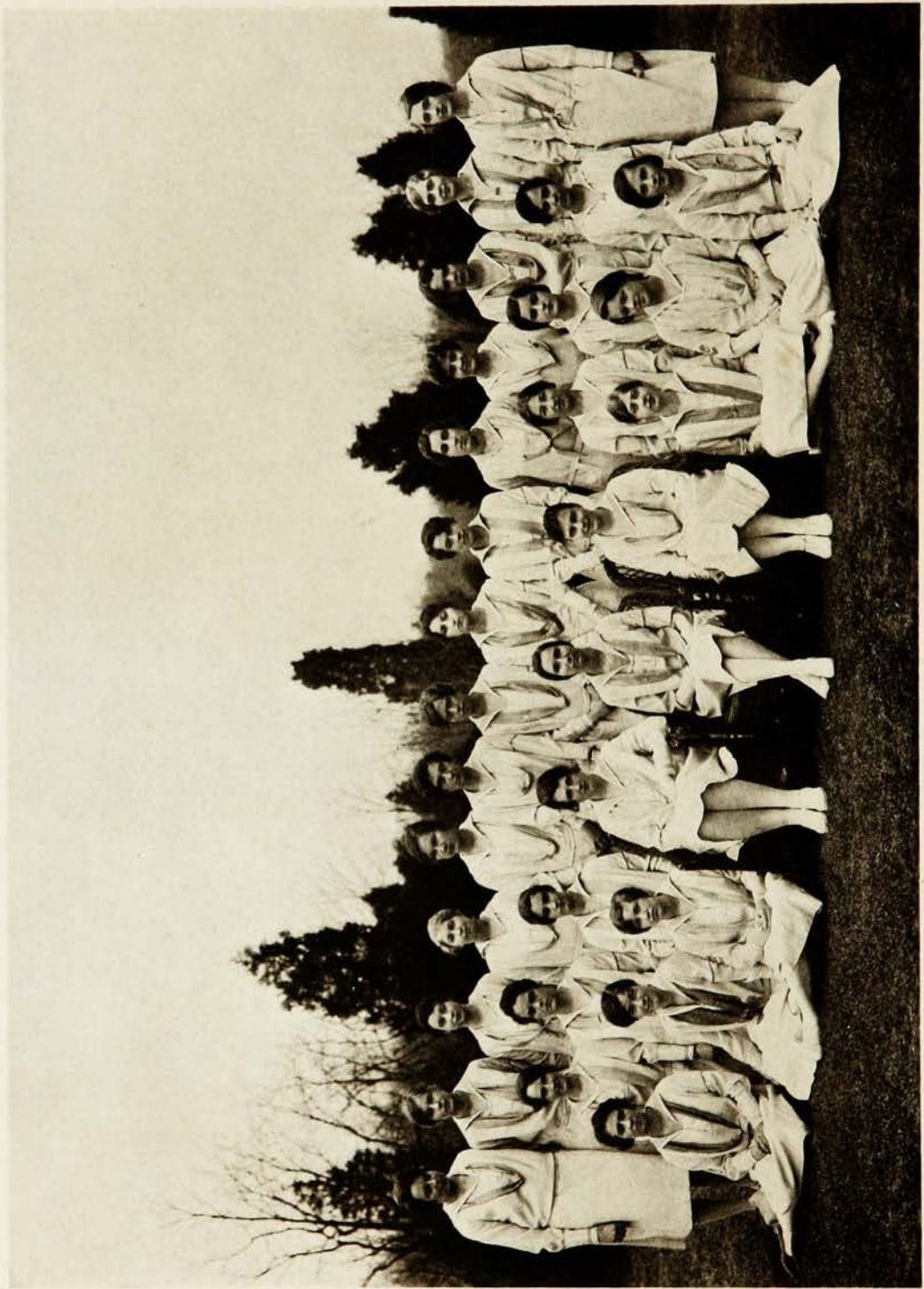


FRENCH CLUB

MADAME PELTIER, *Honorary Member*

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MARTHA ALEXANDER	Vice-President
JEANNE STREET	Secretary
LOUISE HEUER	Treasurer

MARTHA ALEXANDER
LAURA BROWN
JANE CULBERTSON
KATHERINE GIBSON
LOUISE HEUER
MARY CAROLINE HOOD
KATHARINE HOWELL
MARJORIE KAISER
JANE KENNEDY
NANCY KLING
JULIA MATHESON
HELEN MILLETT
MARGARET MURPHY
FRANCES PYEATT
MARGERY RIACH
JEANNE STREET
SUSAN JANE WEGENER
VIRGINIA WELLS





TREBLE CLEF CLUB

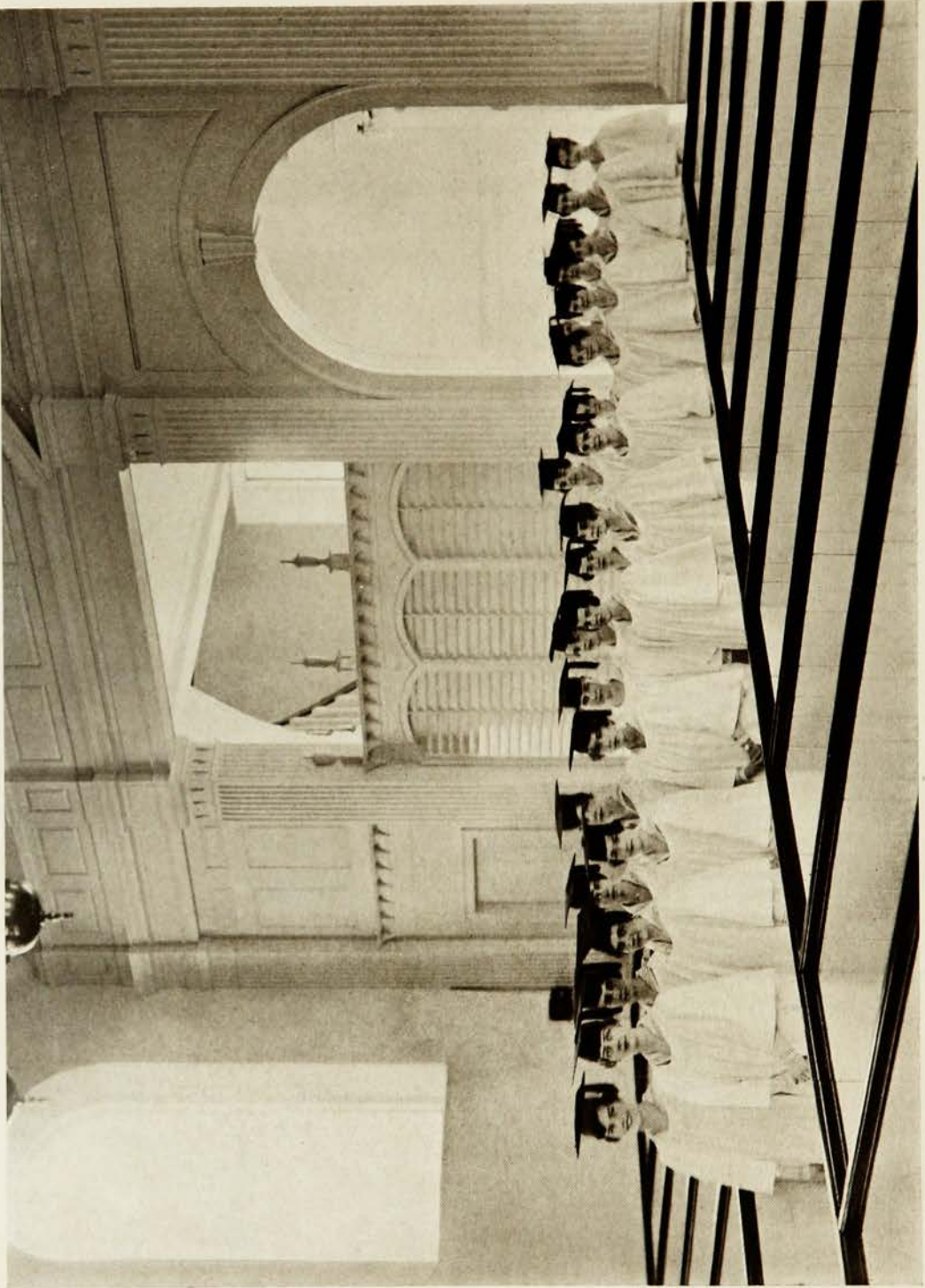
FLORENCE FARNSLEY *President*

LUCILE HURLOCK *Vice-President*

MARY REED SIMPSON *Secretary*

MARTHA ALEXANDER
CONNIE BAVINGER
BETTY BINGHAM
DOROTHY BOVENIZER
ELEANOR BOVENIZER
VIRGINIA BRYSON
HELEN COZAD
ELEANOR DWIGHT
FLORENCE FARNSLEY
ROSAMOND GARRETT
MARY ELIZABETH HARADON
LOUISE HEUER
LUCILE HURLOCK
MARGARET JOHNSON
MARJORIE KAISER
JANE KING
NANCY KLING
NANCY LEE

WILMA KOENIG
VAUGHN NIXON
EVALINE NORTHROP
LOUISE REDFIELD
ELEANORE ROBERTS
JANET SIMPSON
MARY REED SIMPSON
MARIANNE STEVENSON
JEANNE STREET
KATHARINE STREET
EDWINA VILSACK
GLADYS VILSACK
MARY ELIZABETH VILSACK
MIRIAM WIDENHAM
ELOISE WILMSEN
LUCILLE WINTER
FRANCES WITTE
NAN WRIGHT





CHOIR

MARY ADAMS
MARTHA ALEXANDER
CONNIE BAVINGER
DOROTHY BOVENIZER
ELEANOR BOVENIZER
VIRGINIA BRYSON
HELEN COZAD
JANE CULBERTSON
ELEANOR DWIGHT
FLORENCE FARNSLEY
RUTH FEHR
MARY ELIZABETH HARADON
LOUISE HEUER
LUCILE HURLOCK

MARGARET JOHNSON
NANCY KLING
NANCY LEE
EVALINE NORTHROP
CAROL PARKER
SUSAN SCHRIBER
MARY REED SIMPSON
MARIANNE STEVENSON
JEANNE STREET
KATHARINE STREET
GLADYS VILSACK
MARY ELIZABETH VILSACK
MIRIAM WIDENHAM
LUCILLE WINTER

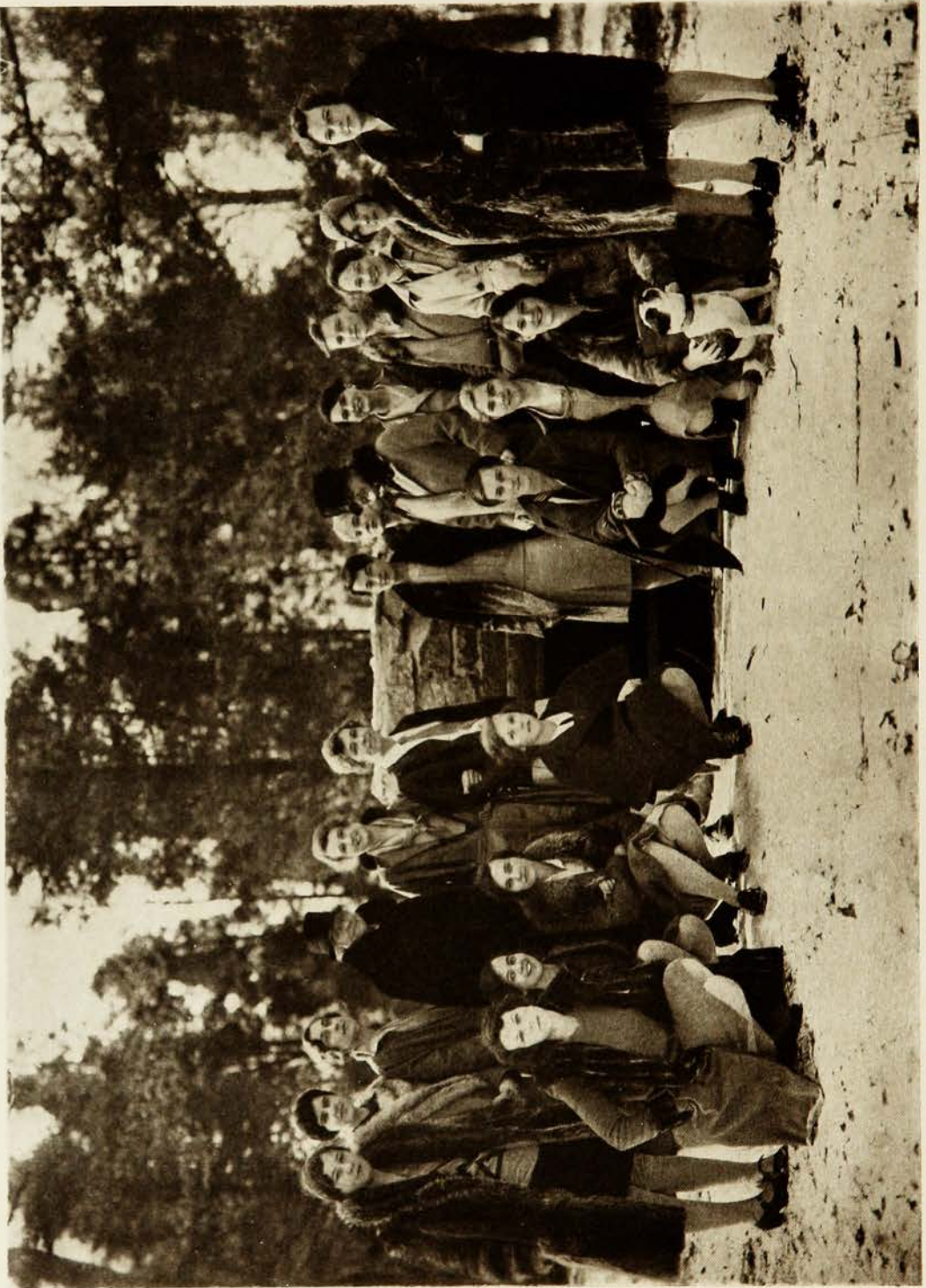
NAN WRIGHT

SUBSTITUTES

BETTY BINGHAM
JANE KING
LAVINIA HUEGENIN

CORNELIA LEWTHWAITE
VAUGHN NIXON
FAY WILSON

FRANCES WITTE





WALKING CLUB

MISS COLE	} <i>Honorary Members</i>
MISS GUARD	
MISS ELTING	
MARGARET JOHNSON	<i>President</i>
MARGARET MURPHY	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>

MARJORIE BOERICKE
 SUSANNE BRADLEY
 BETTY BINGHAM
 MARY ANN COTTON
 SALLY EWING
 RUTH FEHR
 ROSAMOND GARRETT
 ALICE HAND
 LUCILE HURLOCK
 MARY ELIZABETH JAMES

MARGARET JOHNSON
 ELIZABETH KENNEDY
 FLORENCE KRUEGER
 MARGARET MURPHY
 LILLIAN MORRISON
 CAROL PARKER
 MARGERY RIACH
 MARY REED SIMPSON
 ELOISE WILMSEN
 NAN WRIGHT



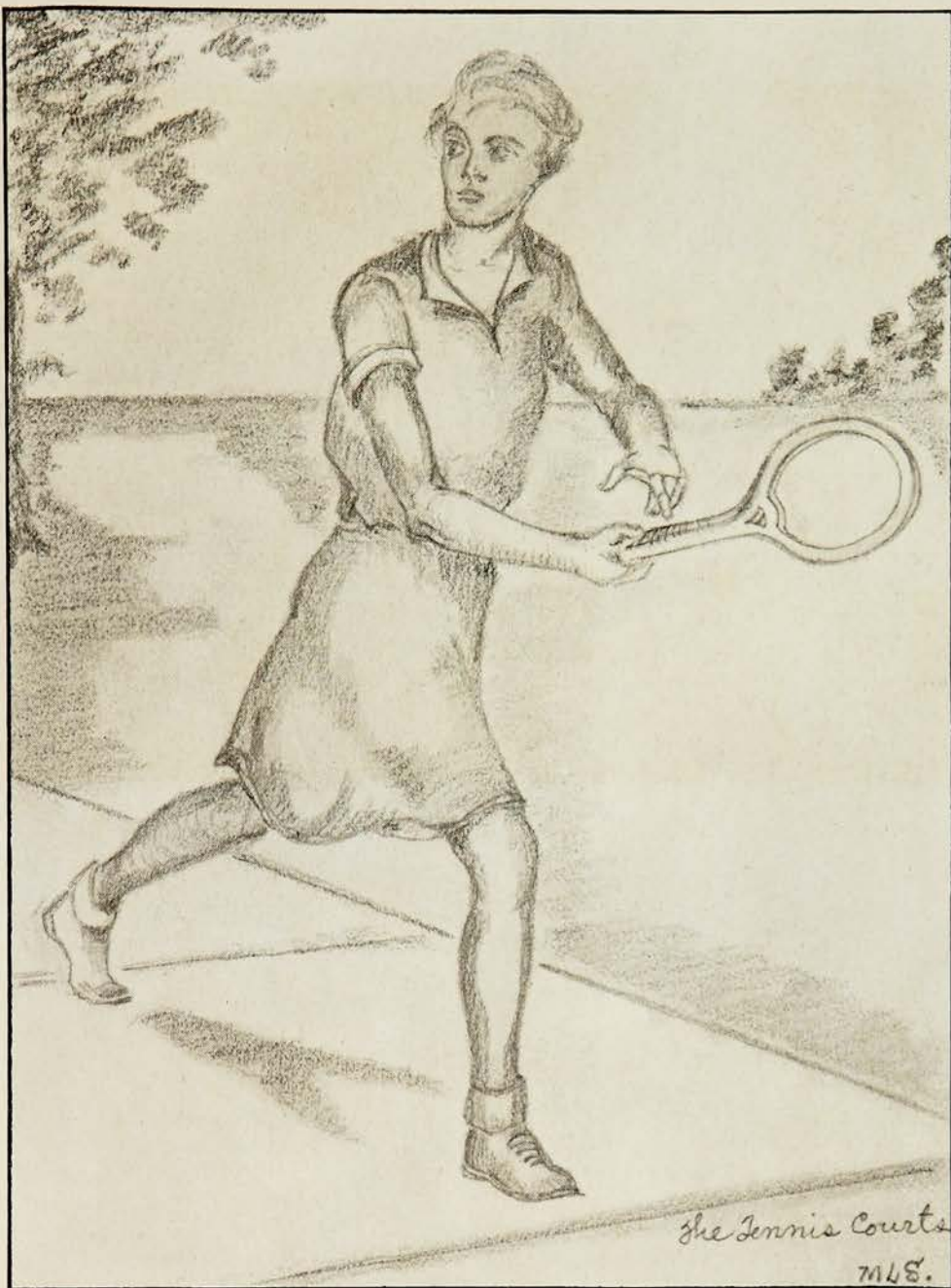
The Cupola



SCHOOL GRANDDAUGHTERS

1928-1929

HELEN ANDRUS	(Helen Palmer, 1899)
ELEANORE BENEDICT	(Helen Andrus, 1909)
MARY ANN COTTON	(Edna Payton, 1899-1900)
MARJORIE EVATT	(Evelyn Miller, 1899-1900)
LOUISE GLANCY	(Lenora Courts, 1901)
NORA GLANCY	(Lenora Courts, 1901)
MARY ELIZABETH HARADON	(Susan Elmore, 1898)
GERTRUDE LAMMERS	(Belle Hinman, 1902)
LOUISE LINKINS	(Mabel Kent, 1903)
BETTY OFFIELD	(Dorothy Wrigley, 1901-1902)
CAROL PARKER	(Grace Marks, 1894-1898)
MARGARETTA RICE	(Margaretta Meyer, 1903)
SUSAN SCHRIBER	(Floretta Elmore, 1899)
INEZ SYMINTON	(Inez Hollett, 1900-1901)
JEAN SYMINTON	(Inez Hollett, 1900-1901)
EDWINA VILSACK	(Gladys Brace, 1904-1907)
GLADYS VILSACK	(Gladys Brace, 1904-1907)
MARY ELIZABETH VILSACK	(Gladys Brace, 1904-1907)



ATHLETICS



The Cupola



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION BOARD

MARY ELIZABETH HARADON	<i>President</i>
SUSAN JANE WEGENER	<i>Vice-President</i>
KATHERINE STREET	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
JEANNE STREET	<i>Manager of Basket-Ball</i>
GWENDOLYN BACON	<i>Manager of Hockey</i>
MIRIAM WIDENHAM	<i>Manager of Tennis</i>
MARY REED SIMPSON	<i>Manager of Swimming</i>
KATHERINE WATTS	<i>Manager of Track</i>
ALICE FOYE	<i>Manager of Minor Sports</i>
MOLLIE BENNETT	<i>Manager of Baseball</i>
SUZANNE BRADLEY	<i>Manager of Golf</i>
JEAN SYMINTON	<i>Manager of Archery</i>



VARSITY HOCKEY

Saturday, November seventeenth, found the Hockey field covered with eleven fighting Madeira girls trying to push the ball through eleven equally insistent members of our team. Five times the scarlet-clad players succeeded, and though Mount Vernon fought bravely, this was their début in Hockey and only once were they successful in scoring.

TEAM LINE UP

<i>Right wing</i>	L. LINKINS
<i>Right inside</i>	K. WATTS
<i>Center forward</i>	S. WEGENER (Captain)
<i>Left inside</i>	E. BEVAN
<i>Left wing</i>	M. STEVENSON
<i>Right half-back</i>	M. BOERICKE
<i>Center half-back</i>	G. BACON
<i>Left half-back</i>	K. STREET
<i>Right full-back</i>	M. E. HARADON
<i>Left full-back</i>	J. STREET
<i>Goalkeeper</i>	K. BAVINGER
<i>Substitutes</i>	<div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> <div style="font-size: 3em; margin-right: 5px;">{</div> <div> M. A. COTTON F. LELAND J. CULBERTSON B. OFFIELD </div> </div>



VARSITY BASKET-BALL

Forwards	{ SUSAN JANE WEGENER CONNIE BAVINGER
Centers	{ SUE BRADLEY GWENDOLYN BACON
Guards	{ MARY ELIZABETH HARADON KATHERINE WATTS

SUBSTITUTES

Forward	NANCY KLING
Center	MARIANNE STEVENSON
Guard	JEANNE STREET

Captain: CONNIE BAVINGER

Mount Vernon Seminary basket-ball squad in their annual game with Madeira School scored a 29 to 24 triumph on the Y. W. C. A. Court, March 16. . . .

Madeira exhibited beautiful team work but not so much speed as the Nebraska Avenue six. The game as a whole was one of the finest demonstrations seen locally this season. . . .

Madeira led during the first period to a score of 15 to 12 at the half. In the third period Mount Vernon speeded up, taking the lead for the first time. Madeira battled valiantly to hold her ground but gradually lost out.

Extracts from the *Evening Star*.



FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM

Forwards . . . { S. BRADLEY (Capt.)
S. WEGENER

Guards { M. JOHNSON
M. HARADON

Center M. R. SIMPSON

Side Center M. ALEXANDER

SECOND CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM

Forwards . . . { M. VILSACK (Cpt.)
P. ATKINSON

Guards { H. COZAD
G. VILSACK

Center M. C. HOOD

Side Center H. ANDRUS





The Cupola

ATHLETIC AWARDS, 1927-1928

<i>Athletic banner</i>	YELLOW CLASS
<i>Tennis singles cup</i>	M. E. HARADON
<i>Tennis doubles cup</i>	M. E. HARADON and E. SHERWOOD
<i>Golf cup</i>	M. HERRICK
<i>Pelletier swimming cup</i>	J. MURPHY
<i>Athletic medal</i>	D. SIGEL

(Honorable mention given to S. Wegener)

<i>Interclass basket-ball cup</i>	YELLOW CLASS
<i>Athletic medal cup</i>	D. SIGEL
<i>Riding cup</i>	D. SIGEL

Swimming chevrons were awarded to S. Wegener, M. E. Vilsack, R. Morris,
K. Watts, E. Woodruff and D. Jones.

SWIMMING MEETS OF 1928

The three fastest swimmers in school were chosen to swim as a team, each girl swimming two lengths of the pool. Those chosen for the team were S. J. Wegener, M. E. Vilsack and R. Morris and the time established was 47 seconds. The four classes competed in a relay race, style swimming, water stunts and diving. The first place was won by the White Class with 24 points. The highest individual score was made by Katherine Watts with 50.35 points and the second by Ethel Woodruff with 45.4 points.

FIELD DAY, MAY 12, 1928

Activities of the Spring Term culminated in a Field Day which included competition in the following:—Track events, baseball games, tournaments in archery, tennis and golf, and two sports new to M. V. S. girls, deck tennis and croquet. The meet was won by the Yellow Class.

The Athletic Ball brought the day to a close. The gymnasium was effectively decorated in black and white and large numbers of colored balloons added a note of color. This was voted one of the most enjoyable dances of the season.







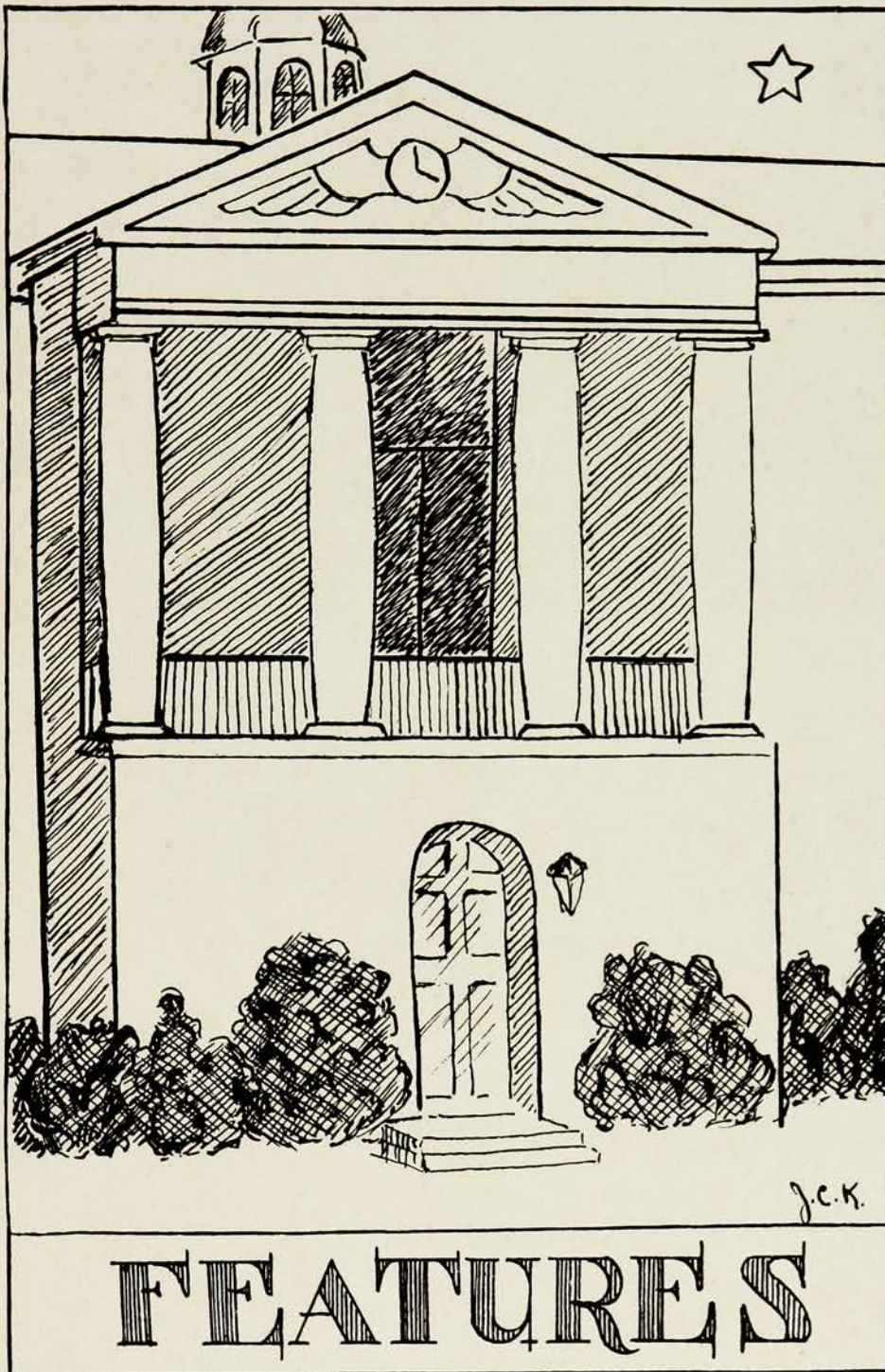












FEATURES



WE RECOMMEND

"How to Perpetuate Contemporaneousness," by Tattie Howell

"A Soul at the Price of Efficiency," by Martha Alexander

"Essaying Co-operation," by Mary Vereen

"A Guide to Men," by Jane Cochran

"Three Cheers," by Virginia Carter

"Low Bridge," by Harry Haradon

"The Way to a Senior's Heart," by Gwen Bacon

"The Vet," by Irene Bohon

"The Twins," by Miss Walker

"Michel," by Mrs. Shaw

"On Leading a Sulphitic Existence," by Miss Guard

"The Dipper," by Miss Carpenter

"The Bird's-Eye View," by Miss Lux

"Vincit Qui Se Vincit," by Miss Cole

"Berth Control," by Miss Barber

QUATRAIN ON A POPULAR SUBJECT

Oh where, oh where has my leisure time gone?

Oh where, oh where can it be?

With an English test and a Pysch outline

Plus my dear Activity.



THE ZODIAC OF 1929

IT is reasonable to suppose that a perfectly normal group of twenty-three Seniors might be expected to represent all the influences of the complete twelve months' Zodiac. As a matter of fact it has been revealed that the Class of 1929 is a very extraordinary class in astrological parlance. Research discovers that but eight months are represented. These are February, March, July, August, September, October, November and December. This class that took its emblem from astronomy might be read as follows:

The months of March, July and November predominate; the astrological symbols of these respective months are Gemini, the Twins; Libra, the Balance; Aquarius, the Cup Bearer. Those born under the sign of the Twins are sport loving, hardy, dramatic, and temperamental. Those born under the sign of the Balance are intellectual, artistic, and business-like. The Cup Bearer foreshadows ingenuity, sympathy, and great musical ability. Leaders of men are born in October under the influence of Capricornus. The Scorpion of August brings to the class great ambition, courage, and literary admiration.

The missing months, January or Aries the Ram, April or Cancer the Crab, May or Leo the Lion, and June the Virgin month, allow us the following deductions: although the Senior class may be athletic, intellectual and ingenious, the failure of the Crab shows them distinctly lacking in persistence and industry; and though dramatic, ambitious and sympathetic, they are far from innocent and independent. We also are surprised to find that though a few of the Seniors admit to summer birthdays, the great majority are within the school year, which also leaves us food for speculation . . . why? . . . and if so, why not?

So the Seniors if wishing to trust themselves to a star, must be careful just which star they select, for at least four of the great Zodiacal signs are distinctly against them—that may mean—

BEWARE!

THE UNINTELLIGENCE TEST

Do you believe the Seniors are athletic?

Will the BROADSIDE outsell College Humor?

Who besides the Seniors has the key to Senior Steps? (First three guesses won't count.)

Miss Pearson asks if Pantomime is the *silent* art.

How high is spike?



The Cupola

NAME	HOBBY	CHARM	PET EXPRESSION
Alexander	French	Indescribable	I'm simply furious
Bennett	South America	Brown eyes	I'll see you
Bohon	Walking slowly	Southern drawl	The vet!
Bovenizer	Painting	That excellent thing in woman	When?—Oh, this week- end
Bradley	Basket-ball	That laugh	Shut that door
Cochran	Optima	Intellect	I mean
Dwight	Psychology	Quiet reserve	Oh, my dear!
Farnsley	Sketching	Arched brows	I'm pulsating
Foye	Proctoring	Perfect posture	Omaha
Haradon	Perpetual motion	Infinitesimal feet	Ho! Hum! How time drags
Heuer	Listening to the Vic	Sympathy	As you all know, Miss Cole spoke of . . .
Howell	Collecting money	Complexion	You owe
Kaiser	Dancing	Good disposition	I think you're mean
Johnson	Sculpturing	Rhythm	Vo-de-de-o-do
Lammers	Stagecraft	Witty sarcasms	All right, get out of the way!
Murphy	Sloo-Foot Detective Agency	Inscrutable	Heh, heh, heh!
Riach	Dramatics	Gorgeous hair	I don't think so
Redfield	Cooking	Those eyes	Jack
Simpson	Art	Thoughtfulness	Come on
Syminton	Cupola	California beauty	The Broadside
Vereen	Co-operation	Million dollar smile	Lemme tell ya
Wegener	Sporting	Lisping	Oly! Oly! Oly!
Wheeler	Pictures	Auburn hair	Come, see about your pictures

The Cupola



INDOOR SPORT	IS	SECRET AMBITION
Psycho-analyzing	Subtle	To be an Oxford don
Dramatics	Methodical	To return to the desert isle
Napping	Sweet	To murder a certain M. D.
Answering Jerry	Quiet	The perfect budget
Making whoopee	A grind	To get through first
The male contingent	It	To have and to hold
Reading	Musical	To be head mistress
Sleeping	A Southern attraction	A day of rest
Room 168	Most likeable	Wielding a wicked racquet
Jazzen spazzem	A left-handed Indian	Long hair
Lending-a-hand	A lamb	Nine children
Reducing	Exquisite	To marry
Collecting ads	Witty	To be a typist
Auctioneering	Collegiate	A second De Pinna
Scientific research	Efficient	Gordon Craig the Second
Cutting drill	A scream	An operatic career
Acting	Temperamental	Sarah Bernhardt the Second
Sewing	A sailor's sweetheart	June Week
Weighing	Wholehearted	To live in Mexico
Doing outside work	Particular	To own a publishing house
Seeing people	Magnetic	Really a secret
Sugar and spice	A DODO	Être française
Receiving specials	Feminine	Wisconsin



The Cupola

FROM THE JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET, 1928

FIRST TOPICAL SONG

The sun was brightly shining;
The air was fresh and clear;
The birds were sweetly singing;
And, briefly, Spring was here!
Mount Vernonites grew restless;
They hearkened to its call,
They loitered in the sunshine
And studied not at all.

Our Kasie caught the fever,
And gazing through the screen,
She sighed, "Such lovely weather!
Let's gambol on the green!"
Yes, croquet is her passion;
She may not swim at all,
But isn't she a demon
With a harmless croquet ball!

Now, Ellie took to water,
And entered in a race.
She started out quite bravely,
But couldn't stand the pace.
Although her form is lovely,
We're glad she did survive
The rather long submersion
When she tried that surface dive.

Then Beth got energetic,
Cried she, "You're all such bores!
Ah! 'Tis a day for sportsmen.
I love the great outdoors."
So Fitty brought the Victor,
And Edna brought the gum;
They settled down in earnest
To a thrilling game of rum.

The Cupola



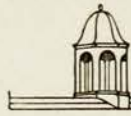
The gym was full of dancers,
All tripping to and fro.
"Take two short steps . . . don't drag your feet,
Then waltz and point your toe.
I want you all to notice
The graceful, rhythmic way
That Martha Fitton dances
Around the pole of May."

Miss Lux tried horseback riding;
Her friends were all agog.
They gave her faithful Monarch . . .
He has a kindly jog.
But what a naughty horsie!
Across the field he sped.
He left Miss Lux quite rudely
And almost broke her head.

"My tennis shoes!" cried Jessie,
"Rowena, come along.
Will you accept my challenge
To a fast game of ping-pong?"
But Rona was agolfing;
She never has enough;
She makes a charming picture
Of a diamond in the rough.

The sun was brightly shining,
The air was fresh and clear;
The birds were sweetly singing,
And—briefly, Spring was here!
The Seniors thronged the track field,
They swarmed upon the courts.
They may not be good-looking . . .
But they surely are good sports!

Sung by the JUNIORS at the Banquet, May, 1928



The Cupola

SECOND TOPICAL SONG

When Madame hears Esther's lesson every day . . . every day
And in Psych, Miss Walker hears her class recite . . . class recite
They shake their heads and murmur in dismay . . . in dismay
"Ah, teaching is no longer our delight . . . our delight!"
When Miss Hayward has the essays to look over . . . to look over
And there's hours of correcting to be done . . . to be done
Oh, take one consideration with another . . . with another
A professor's lot is not a happy one . . . happy one.

When our minds are in a pretty bad condition . . . bad condition
And the heat is dreadful in the month of May . . . month of May
In their caps and gowns demanded by tradition . . . by tradition
The suffering Seniors almost melt away . . . melt away.
When without a breath of air they nearly smother . . . nearly smother
And they realize that the worst is yet to come . . . yet to come
Oh, take one consideration with another . . . with another
A Senior's lot is not a happy one . . . happy one.

When the Junior-Senior Banquet comes along . . . comes along
And the end of school at last is drawing nigh . . . drawing nigh
The Juniors have to sing a farewell song . . . farewell song
Although it's not quite time to say goodbye . . . say goodbye
We just begin to find the year is over . . . year is over
And to realize that the Senior's day is done . . . day is done
Oh, take one consideration with another . . . with another
A Junior's lot is not a happy one . . . happy one!

Sung by the JUNIORS at the Banquet, May, 1928

The Cupola



NOW THE SENIORS WILL ESSAY

OR

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

AFTER making one essay after another to get in front of the long looking-glass, the Senior Class one day walked right through it, bounced all the way down Senior steps, and suddenly found itself in a little room with one small slammed door and a little, bridge table. The class felt very big for the little room, and wanted to get through the little door, but didn't know how. But there on the table was a little bottle, saying, "Drink me!" and on the other side the name of the prescription; it was Attitude. "Good," thought the class, "if I drink enough of this I can get through any door, because there's nothing counts but attitude." So, the class, which we named Alice, took the bottleful at one swallow and slid deliciously through the door and found herself in Wonderland. . . .

The first thing that Alice saw was a White Rabbit, with a wise smile of satisfaction on his face; he was romping off somewhere in a great hurry. To accost the Rabbit by the name of Dwight seemed quite natural to Alice, nor was she at all surprised when he told her to go and see what she could see. Suddenly she came upon a mouse named Kaiser, walking with Bovenizer, the Lory; with them was Boyce, the dodo-bird; they all stopped when they saw Alice, and proposed a caucus-race, but Alice wouldn't join till she found out what that was, so the dodo explained that it was a race where people began running when they wanted, and left off when they were tired or heard a bell ring, and in the end everyone received a prize because no one could tell who had won.

But Alice soon tired of this game and wandered off through the jungle of toadstools. Presently Lammers, the caterpillar, stopped her, and asked her to repeat the creed. Alice began:

"You are old M. V. S., but your hair is not yet gray." "No, no," interrupted the caterpillar, "You are not saying it right," which Alice couldn't deny. Then the caterpillar, seeing that Alice had shrunk somewhat, and looked worried, told her she would get used to it in time, and then serenely resumed smoking his hookah.

Alice didn't know just what to do, so she kept on going. Soon she discovered Heuer the frog footman, negotiating with Bradley, the fish footman, regarding an invitation for the Duchess. "What," thought Alice. "A duchess? I must investigate." So she walked right in the open doorway. What a Weiss little duchess this is, Alice thought, to live in such a nice house. But this was before she noticed the pepper; the pepper was everywhere, and it was surprising that the bundle in the Duchess's lap didn't yelp and cry oftener. Hearing the noise of the bundle, Alice noticed that it was a baby, whereupon the Duchess announced that it was her child, and that it was, incidentally, mighty like a Rose. Just as Alice was beginning to be interested in the baby, Palmer, the cook, began to throw the pans, and Alice had to dodge them, and scuttled out the door, leaving the Duchess shouting advice to everybody.

The first thing that Alice saw outside was a large, soft, Cheshire cat, grinning from ear to ear. "What a beautiful pussy!" she exclaimed. "He looks just like Dick, my



The Cupola

old cat. He must be Dickson! What are you doing here?" she asked. "You'd be surprised," replied the Cheshire cat, and grinning enigmatically, melted into the landscape, so that only the grin remained. "Curiouser and curiouser," thought Alice, "I've often seen a cat without a grin, but never a grin without a cat."

Alice walked along awhile, and presently came to where a tea party was being held under the trees. She thought this looked familiar, and decided to stay awhile; she liked tea parties whether it was Tuesday or not. At the table sat Alexander, the Mad Hatter, and the March Haradon, and reclining over his teacup was the Dormouse, and making no Bohons about it, either. The Hatter and the Haradon were telling riddles; the first kept asking, "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" to which the Haradon would reply, "Let the dead past bury its dead; I am now going to recite the Miller of Dee." Alice asked how long they had been having tea, because there were so many cups around. The Dormouse sleepily replied, "Since the fourth of October." As Alice soon saw that they were not going to offer her any tea, she left the trio, and wandered off in search of the Queen's croquet ground.

When Alice reached the garden, she heard Gardener Murphy say to the Flower-Potter, "This white rose won't do here; Wheeler over into that Redfield there." Alice wondered what the matter was, because, in the midst, carrying out this order, both gardeners began to run away. "Here comes the Queen!" they cried. And sure enough, Cochran, the Queen of Hearts, came along holding on to Bennett, the King of Hearts; together they made a handsome couple, and with Syminton, the executioner, behind them, to carry out any orders of "Off with the head!" theirs was a formidable appearance. When they had all come into the garden, the court began playing croquet as if their athletic stars depended upon it. Alice was interested and joined the game. She had some difficulty in managing her mallet, which was a flamingo named Kerr, because just as she had gotten its neck straight and was going to strike with it, it would twist itself around and look into her face with such a puzzled expression that she could not help bursting out laughing, and had to begin again. Then, her ball, which was a hedgehog called Haskins, unrolled itself and crawled away when she wasn't looking and melted into the background like so much butter. It was all very disconcerting and when the Woodruff and Johnson arches got up and walked away with a wicket Howell, Alice just got discouraged and gave up croquet.

Then the Queen of Hearts led Alice over to a nice Griffin which was sleeping in the Southern sun. Seeing his wings, Alice said, "I didn't know that Gryphons Flu far." "Oh, yes," said the Queen, "and this one will take you to see the mock turtle. If you haven't seen the mock turtle, you have missed much Jory." And sure enough, the Gryphon took Alice to see the mock turtle. He was sobbing and sobbing, and just waiting for someone to come and hear his story. Alice was very much interested in finding what gentlemen prefer about blonds, but suddenly the Gryphon switched her off when he heard someone call "the trial's beginning."

Alice was surprised when she got into the courtroom and saw the King and Queen both on their thrones, and all her friends she had met in Wonderland sitting in rows and looking very solemn. The Texas walrus and the Carpenter were whispering together, and the secretary of the meeting, Foye, the Lizard, was working very hard because the meeting was not very orderly. "Read the accusation," called Queen Cochran, "and think through the evidence." The Vereen card that looked like an ace was very glad to stand up solemnly and read the accusation:

The Cupola



"The Queen of Hearts was sent some tarts
In a heart-shaped box of satin;
The Knave of Hearts removed the tarts,
And that we call a great sin."

"But," said Nancy, for the Knave's name was Nancy, "I was hungry and had no dough or tea." That didn't make any difference, though; all the evidence had to be heard, and finally Alice was called on for testimony. "I don't know anything about it," Alice declared indignantly, while the jurors wagged their heads in astonishment.

"Well, well, then the project is before the jury; let them think through the verdict carefully," cried the Queen. "No, NO," cried King Bennett, "Sentence first and verdict afterwards." "Stuff," cried Alice. "Whoever heard of anything so reactionary?" All of a sudden Alice found that she had grown to her full size again, so that she wasn't at all worried to see the irate looks of the court. Thereupon when someone shouted for the eighth time, "Off with her head!" Alice swept her hand around the courtroom and down the whole pack of cards scattered.

Imagine her surprise and embarrassment when she discovered how seriously she had been taking the whole proceedings.

And the next thing she knew she heard someone say, "Wake up, Alice dear, what a long nap you have had. It's time for tea."

ROWENA THOM.

Read at the JUNIOR-SENIOR Banquet, May, 1928

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<i>Contemporaneous Literature</i>	Pre-requisite, a thorough knowledge of the Bishop and Green Murder Cases.
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<i>Sir-vey</i>	Pre-requisite, at least three prom cuts.
<i>History of Heart</i>	Juniors only.
<i>Hysterics</i>	Pre-requisite, History of Heart.
<i>Pandemonium</i>	Juniors only, pre-requisite, active participation in Mid-morning after Wednesday Assembly.
<i>Fizzgical Education</i>	Pre-requisite, art of "W. Ging" while seated in a hammock. A. Lounging. B. Sleeping, Seniors only.



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JANE ROBERTSON	<i>The zebra</i>
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JANE SHUGART	<i>The rhinoceros</i>
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FAY WILSON	<i>Trained white mouse</i>
LUCILLE WINTER	<i>Trained penguin</i>
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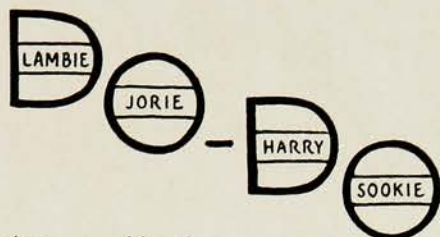
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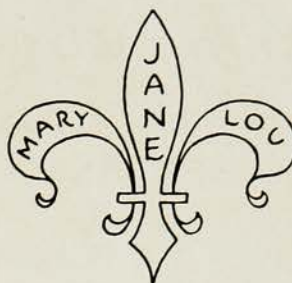
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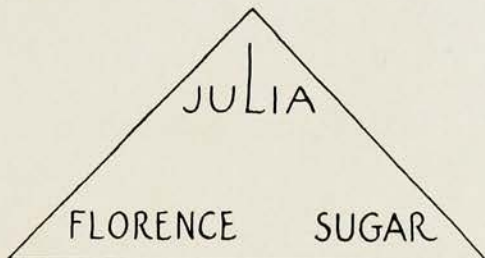


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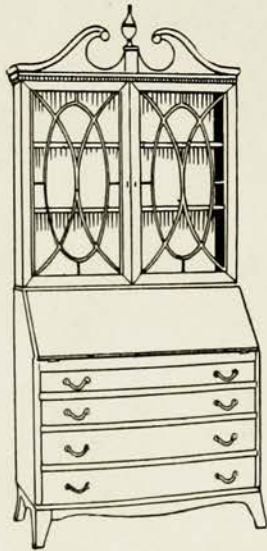
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